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Mirror.

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Page 16.

No. 180

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## BRITAIN AND TIBET.

Events Which Have Led  
to War.

### RUSSIAN INFLUENCE ON LHASA.

The history of the events which led up to the fighting in Tibet dates back to 1886. A body of Tibetan troops then invaded Sikkim, a British protectorate, and as the Tibetan Government at Lhasa refused to give orders for their troops to withdraw it was necessary for the British to drive them out.

Tibet is, strictly speaking, under the suzerainty of China, and the authorities at Peking interfered to keep the peace between Tibet and England, a treaty being signed in 1890.

Three years later trade regulations with Tibet were drawn up by an Anglo-Chinese Commission, but Tibet has steadily refused to recognise these agreements. The new frontier agreed to by the Convention has been a continual source of dispute, and in defiance of the trade regulations the Tibetans have continued to impose duties on British merchandise.

### TIBETANS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

In the meantime it was clear that the Tibetans were seeking to place themselves under the protection of Russia. In 1901 a Tibetan mission visited St. Petersburg, and in 1902 it was rumoured that Russia and China had concluded a secret agreement, by the terms of which China relinquished her interests in Tibet to Russia.

The Indian Government continued to make efforts to arrive at a satisfactory understanding with the Tibetan Lamas, but three times letters on the subject were returned unopened. Our boundary pillars were destroyed and continual encroachments made on our territories.

Other means having failed, Colonel Younghusband was dispatched by the Indian Government into Tibet to confer with the Tibetan and Chinese officials.

### ENGLAND'S PEACEFUL MISSION.

The mission was not intended to be anything but a peaceful, diplomatic one, and Colonel Younghusband was merely accompanied by an escort of 200 men.

By July of last year Colonel Younghusband had reached Khamba-Jong, thirty miles within the Tibetan frontier. It had been agreed that the Dalai Lama should meet the expedition there and enter into the desired negotiations, but he did not appear, and the Tibetans, who had previously been friendly, took up a hostile attitude.

Colonel Younghusband decided to encamp at Khamba-Jong, hoping that the Tibetans might become more amicable.

In October, however, the Imperial Government ordered reinforcements to be sent in support of Colonel Younghusband, and the necessity for this step was emphasised by the declaration that a secret treaty had been arrived at between the Dalai Lama and the Russian Government.

### THE MAN IN COMMAND.

Colonel James Ronald Leslie MacDonald, C.B., was chosen to command this supporting force of 850 men, with the local rank of Brigadier-General. The force was picked from three battalions—the 8th Gurkhas and the 23rd and 32nd Sikh Pioneers—and a machine gun section belonging to the Norfolk Regiment. Siliguri, thirty miles south of Darjeeling, a health resort, and the terminus of

## MISS MAY YOHE RETURNS TO THE STAGE.



London will soon have the pleasure of hearing again Miss May Yohe's rich contralto voice. The bright American actress starts at the Palace to-day week. She will be paid an ambassadorial salary. Miss Yohe is said to strike the deepest contralto note of any lady vocalist in England. [By a "Mirror" artist.]

the railway, was chosen as the base of operations, and from there the relieving force moved forward into Bhutan, a friendly native state.

Transport was a matter of great difficulty, owing to the elevation of the passes by which the column had to make its way over the mountains. On December 16 the troops crossed the Jelap Pass, 14,382 feet above sea level, the baggage being carried by mules and bullocks. With a temperature of thirty-two degrees of frost the troops suffered severely.

Then came the descent into the pleasant Chumbi Valley, where the column rested until the beginning of January.

On January 3, Colonel Younghusband moved west towards Phari Jong, thirty-five miles to the north-east of Chumbi, to meet

the reinforcements under General MacDonald, and Tibetan forces began to collect on the hills around Thma.

Colonel Younghusband continued his march, in advance of General MacDonald's force, and after crossing the Tang-la Pass, arrived at Tuna, only to find that the Tibetans were in such force as to compel him to wait for General MacDonald.

In the meantime General MacDonald, who had been kept back by weather of an Arctic severity, reached Phari-Jong, the first Tibetan town of any importance which the force had seen, on February 10. Here negotiations were opened with several Lamas, who visited the camp, but no solution to the difficulties under dispute was arrived at, and the British column resumed its march, camping last Monday in the Tang-la Pass, over which they

had been preceded by Colonel Younghusband's.

This camp in the Tang-la Pass was not only at the greatest altitude which the force had yet reached—nearly 16,000ft. above sea level—but also the highest at which a British military force has ever encamped.

Camels had been pressed into the transport service on leaving the Chumbi Valley, but the greater number had to be abandoned as they proved unequal to the heavy climb up to the pass.

On Tuesday the troops reached Tuna and joined hands with Colonel Younghusband's escort of 200 men.

In the meantime the Tibetans had not been idle, and the troops massed around Gyantse, the immediate goal of the mission, had increased to 10,000 men, while on March 3 the Dalai Lama sent yet another mission with gifts to the Tsar.

(Continued on Page 5.)



## BANK HOLIDAY.

### How Londoners Can Amuse Themselves To-day.

#### DIVERSIONS IN TOWN.

Is it a fine day? That is the first consideration this morning. Then, towards the end of breakfast, somebody asks casually, "Well, what shall we do? Where shall we go?" "Nobody speaks for a moment. Then someone says 'Let's see, there's—' and begins to enumerate the hundred and one items on the Bank holiday programme.

Those of us who for any one out of the multitude of reasons are in or near town, need time to consider the spending of our day. Take the morning, first starting comfortably at ten o'clock. There are a thousand things to do, and it is difficult to choose. If you are in North London you can get to Hampstead quite easily, and on to the Heath. There will be endless amusement there, to watch or take part in. From all points of the London compass people will be climbing the hills towards Hampstead.

If the Heath and its invigorating air and its spontaneous gaieties do not attract you, how about the Zoological Gardens. And if the Zoo does not please you go out a little earlier and get an electric train somewhere. They are London's wide-branching arms, reaching and pointing to rivers and green fields and lanes: Hampton Court, Bushey Park, Richmond, Teddington, Hounslow, Southall, Purley, Croydon, Wandsworth Common, and Epsom, and a host of other places you can reach, and find something strange to you, something interesting.

So your morning passes pleasantly, and you can extend it, if you wish, to the afternoon. But "variety," said Mr. Shakespeare, "is the very spice of life." If you want a real full day of pleasuring change the programme in the afternoon. At the Crystal Palace there are indoor and out-of-door things to amuse luxurious idlers.

In the east, Rosherville Gardens, rejuvenated, and with promise of a full day's pleasure, will be a good place to spend the afternoon. Wembley Park, too, holds out many attractions, and the Finchley Harriers' Sports will be worth seeing. Racing men, of course, will find their way to Kempton Park, where a good Easter Monday programme has been arranged.

#### Popular Theatres.

In the evening, of course, the programme of the day is not complete without a theatre. There are plenty to choose from. At His Majesty's Mr. Tree has the weird and wonderful "Darting of the Gods," with Miss Lena Ashwell in the principal lady's part. Over the road, Mr. Cyril Maude is filling the Haymarket each night with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "Joseph Entangled." At the Criterion Mr. Charles Frohman is "presenting" "The Duke of Killarick," which is full of Mr. Robert Marshall's pleasant wit and humour. Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's Theatre, is giving his last performance this week of the charming "Old Heidelberg." At the Garrick, Mr. Arthur Boucher and Miss Violet Vanbrugh are appearing in their new piece, "The Arm of the Law." "The School Girl," and Mr. Arthur Roberts's skit upon Mr. Tree as "The Darling of the Guards," have been taken in the bill at the Prince of Wales's for the holidays. At the Strand Theatre "The Chinese Honey-moon," edited and with new songs, will be given for the 1,088th time. The new Gaiety, in its dainty newness, has "The Orchid" with its pretty music, and Mr. Edmund Eynon, with an excellent cast. At the Adelphi "The Earl and the Girl" is still filling the theatre, and close by, at the Vaudeville, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks are delighting big audiences with "The Cherry Girl." Daly's will probably be one of the most popular theatres to-night, where Mr. George Edwards's gorgeous new production, "The Cingalee" has been running for the past three weeks. Other theatres there are the Lyric, with "The Duchess of Dantzic"; the Imperial, with Mr. Lewis Waller in "A Marriage of Convenience"; the Savoy, with the pretty "Love Birds"; the Gaiety, with Miss Julia Neilson in a new play—all ready for the idler of the holidays.

Then, coming to the music-halls, the "attractions" form programmes almost terrifying in their extent. There is the new ballet at the Empire, the great and old Madrali at the Alhambra, Arthur Roberts at the Palace, Houlihan (the breaker of gaols) and Sandow at the Hippodrome, and at the Tivoli, Oxford, and Pavilion some of the brightest stars in the profession, from R. G. Knowles, George Robey, Will Evans, Ida Rene, downwards.

#### AT THE SEASIDE.

##### Holiday Makers Enjoy Ideal Spring Sunshine.

Most places report rain in the early hours of Sunday, but brilliant sunshine throughout the day. BRIGHTON.—Seven and a half hours of sunshine were registered. The front was thronged, and concerts on the pier were largely patronised.

EASTBOURNE.—A brilliantly fine day was enjoyed by visitors, who have reached record numbers for Easter. The sea was too rough for boating.

RAMSGATE.—Ideal holiday weather. On Easter Monday the East Kent Volunteers have manoeuvres at Nethercourt. At the Marina Hall a fancy-dress ball will be held to-day.

DOVER.—Bright, dry weather. To-morrow the Yeomanry, Artillery, and Infantry Volunteers have manoeuvres.

HASTINGS.—Brilliantly fine weather; larger crowd on parades than at any previous Easterday.

FOLKESTONE.—The famous Leas promenade was packed with a record crowd of holiday makers. For to-day trips to Boulogne are arranged.

## £10,000 A YEAR.

### GREAT FORTUNE COMES TO A PENNILESS YOUTH.

A member of the Bristol Young Men's Christian Association, who came to Bristol a few months ago and was befriended by the association, has just come into a considerable fortune. He has been known as A. E. Moore, but it now turns out that he is the son of the late Rev. E. A. Stephens, of Cambridge.

His parents died when he was quite young, and since he has been in very poor circumstances. When funds were very low a few weeks ago he applied for assistance to friends in London, who appear to have known that he was heir to a considerable fortune, and as the result of an interview with solicitors he heard the welcome news that he was entitled to a fortune of £10,000, plus a rental of £10,000 a year.

The facts of the romantic story have been fully supplied by the young fellow himself, and are, so far, lacking independent corroboration; but there is also the undoubted fact that Stephens is now in possession of considerable sums of money.

#### ROYAL YACHT ADRIPT.

##### Osborne Nearly Goes Ashore at Dartmouth.

The royal yacht Osborne, with Princess Victoria, who is enjoying a short yachting trip, on board, narrowly escaped going ashore at Dartmouth on Saturday.

There was a high south-west breeze blowing and a strong tide running, so that picking up moorings was a matter of some difficulty. The Osborne was carried some distance out of her course, and drifted towards the Kittery Ledge, which juts out beneath the Kingswear Lighthouse. Two tugs went to her assistance, but fortunately she just cleared, and moored without their aid.

Princess Victoria was assured there was no danger, and was afterwards presented with a basket of oysters by the chairman of the Dartmouth Harbour Commissioners.

Princess Victoria, accompanied by Lord and Lady Keppel, attended service yesterday morning at the old parish church of St. Saviour, Dartmouth, the preacher being the Rev. F. R. B. Simpson, curate.

#### EASTER WEDDINGS.

##### April is a Favourite Month with Brides.

Easter, this year, ushers in a perfect epidemic of weddings. April, being sandwiched in between Lent and May, which, though a proverbially merry month, is considered most unlucky for marriages, has been chosen by a host of well-known brides. For these, or other, reasons many lesser folk have followed suit, and the registrar is likely to be busy for the next few weeks.

The chroniclers of the world of fashion have announced over a hundred and thirty society functions. One would think the shops must be rilled of wedding-presents to meet the demand. The Church, the Army, and the Navy are well represented in the list of candidates for holy matrimony.

Among the beautiful girls who will face the coming season as brides are several daughters of peers, and nearly all the prospective brides are already famed for grace and good looks. To-morrow the Hon. Hester Lytton marries the Rev. Cyril Abington, who is a master at Eton, and on the following day there will be another "scholastic" wedding at London's oldest church, St. Saviour's Southwark, where the marriage takes place of the headmaster of Repton to Miss Mary Talbot, the daughter of the Bishop of Rochester. St. Margaret's, Westminster, will on April 18 be the scene of a very "popular" wedding—Miss Lettice Long and Mr. William Cooper, of the 7th Hussars.

#### BOATING PROSPECTS.

##### The King Expected to Make Frequent Trips on the River.

Although Easter has fallen particularly early this year the appearance of the river yesterday justifies the anticipation that the boating season has already commenced.

There were several people out on the river yesterday at Windsor, and boatmen and launch-owners are looking forward to a good season. Launch trips from Windsor Bridge were run to Monkey Island and other places, and if the weather is fine to-day the river is sure to be well patronised.

During the season Mr. Astor will entertain large week-end parties at Clevedon, and will take his guests on the river on Sundays, except on Whit Sunday, when the stream is generally too crowded to be comfortable.

River caterers have not had a good season for years past, but they are looking forward to this summer to get back their past losses and a bit over. The King and Queen will probably be seen on the river pretty frequently at Whitsuntide, when the Court is in residence at Windsor Castle. Last season, owing to the wet weather, several river excursions which their Majesties had arranged to take part in had to be abandoned.

Datchet Reach, which is overlooked by the King's boathouse, is now one of the most charming reaches on the river. The Bucks bank is being laid out in lawns and flower gardens, and along the Castle grounds a lovely drive has been made for the King and Queen.

During the coming summer the King and Queen will visit the River Water frequently. The boating trip is much favoured by their Majesties, who always make a call on Captain Welch, R.N., a very old friend of both the King and Queen, when they are picnicking on the banks of the beautiful artificial lake.

M. Santos Dumont has been appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

## RUSSIA'S ENEMIES.

### TREACHEROUS ATTEMPT TO SINK A NEW STEAMER.

A sensational event recently occurred on board the protected cruiser Zhenchug in the dock where her equipment is being completed.

The officers and crew were peacefully taking luncheon on board, when the captain came and warned them that the ship was beginning to sink. On search being made, says a Reuter special, it was found that the pipes leading from the furnaces to the sea had been left open, apparently with malicious intent, and water was pouring into the vessel.

The necessary measures were immediately taken, and a strict inquiry has been opened into the strange incident.

The advance guard of the Japanese army in North-Western Korea occupied Syonshkon (2 Syon-Chong) on Saturday afternoon, says Reuter, without opposition. Syonshkon is on the Pekin road, eighteen miles west of Chong-ju, and forty miles south of Wiju.

It is rumoured in Paris that a force of Japanese has landed at the mouth of the river Tumen, south of Possiet Bay.

From Port Arthur is reported the capture by the Russian cruiser Novik of a Japanese steamer towing a Chinese junk. The steamer refused to stop, says Reuter, till two shots had been fired by the torpedo-boat Vrimately.

The steamer proved to be the Hanien Maru, and on board were found ten Japanese, eleven Chinese, various papers, telegrams, and maps, and two Whitehead torpedoes.

The crew were taken off and the steamer sunk by the Russian vessels.

#### ELOPEMENT'S TRAGIC SEQUEL.

##### Young Girl Drowns Herself After a Walk with Her Lover.

A tragic sequel to an elopement is reported from Birkenhead.

At two o'clock on Sunday morning a Liverpool clerk named Alfred H. Lee, entered the Birkenhead police office and stated that whilst walking with his wife she had climbed over a gate into the park, and although he had followed he had not succeeded in finding her.

Search was at once made, and the body of the girl was found in the deepest part of the park lake. The gate which the girl is stated to have climbed is nearly seven feet high.

It appears that six weeks ago Lee eloped with the girl, who is eighteen years of age, and the daughter of a flat owner in Birkenhead. At the time the girl wrote to her parents stating that Lee and herself were going to tie together. They, however, returned to the home of her parents, and lived until Monday last, when Lee, having lost his situation, went into lodgings.

Lee, who informed the police that he had had a quarrel while they were together on Saturday night, was detained.

#### CUT OFF BY FIRE.

##### Leap from a Window to Escape the Flames.

One life was lost and four persons were seriously injured through an outbreak of fire at a lodging-house in Derby-road, Croydon, at an early hour yesterday morning. For some time the safety of all the inmates of the house was threatened.

Their retreat was cut off by the flames, as the fire originated in the back room on the ground-floor and spread upwards through the building, which is three storeys high. Albert Cummings, theatrical baggage master, jumped from a window and broke an arm, and a companion, George Cunningham, was severely burned.

The landlady, Richard Earl, and his wife were hurt about the body, and Margaret Hamilton, aged seventy-five, died from shock soon after being admitted, with the others, to the hospital.

#### LADIES IN A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT.

A serious motor-car accident occurred in Harrow yesterday morning. Mr. Lambert Hall, of Kensington-gardens, London, with his chauffeur and a party of six, was proceeding in a motor-car down the dangerous Harrow Hill, when at the foot, owing to the failure of the brakes, the car was overturned. The occupants were thrown out. The chauffeur was severely cut about the head; Mr. Hall, his sister, and a child were much bruised, while the injuries to Mrs. Hall's brother and child were so serious as to cause their removal to the local hospital, where their detention will be imperative for some days.

#### FATAL BOATING TRIP.

Three young Bristolians hired a boat on Good Friday and went for a row on the river Avon. The boat suddenly overturned and all three were thrown into the water.

Two of them managed to reach land, but Archie Yeomans, aged nineteen, of Chesterfield-road, Bishopston, was drowned.

#### JUMPED TO HIS DEATH OFF A SKYSCRAPER.

An extraordinary suicide has taken place at New York, Mr. Haydon, a broker, jumping from the twenty-first floor of a skyscraper.

He fell a distance of 320ft. to the ground, his body being crushed beyond recognition.

#### THE KING AT COPENHAGEN.

King Edward, after dispatching some business yesterday morning, attended divine service with Queen Alexandra at midday at the English Church. The Queen had previously attended service with King Christian at the Holmens Kirke.—Reuter.

## TIBET FIGHT.

### Scene of Horror Under Snow-capped Mountains.

#### MR. CANDLER'S 14 WOUNDS.

The details of the terrible fight in Tibet are even more interesting than the first account of the battle.

A Reuter special message from Luma gives a vivid picture of the scene under the shadow of the great mountains.

No one dreamt of the terrible event which was impending. The officers got off their horses. Some sat down to eat sandwiches, and others brought out cameras.

Suddenly, a scuffle began. The Tibetans shook their fists in the faces of the Sikhs and commenced throwing stones. The Lhasa General himself fired the first shot, blowing away a Sikh's jaw.

A great tumult instantly arose. The Tibetans uttered a wild shout, drew their swords, and surged forward in all directions, firing their hand-guns. About a dozen swordsmen made a desperate rush in the direction of Brigadier General MacDonald and the small knot of officers surrounding him.

#### Mr. Candler Saved from Death.

Major Dunlop had two of his fingers slashed off. His assailant was shot down by Lieut. Bignell. Four Tibetans made for Mr. Edmund Candler, "Daily Mail" correspondent, who was unarmed. Brigadier General MacDonald himself shot down one of Mr. Candler's assailants at a few yards' distance, and Lieut. Davis, I.M.S., promptly killed two others, thus saving Mr. Candler from death. The other Tibetans, rushing forward, were met by revolver fire.

The Sikhs in front met the Tibetans with a terrible magazine fire. One old man, armed with only a matchlock, sprang over the heads of dead and, deliberately kneeling down well in advance of the others, fired into the Sikhs. He was riddled with bullets. The Tibetans were so huddled together that they were unable either to use their swords or to fire.

An impressive and awful scene then followed. The Tibetans, though their retreat was still open, disdained to scatter and run. They tramped away slowly, steadily, sullen and solemn, followed by a perfect hail of bullets. The mountain battery came into action, and tore their line with shrapnel. A terrible trail of dead and dying marked their line of march. Finally, the last wounded Tibetan limped round the corner, about four hundred yards away. The grim tragedy was over.

#### All in Ten Minutes.

The whole affair did not last ten minutes, but in that short space of time the flower of the Tibetan army perished. The Tibetan General, and the whole of his personal escort, as well as five high Lhasa officials, were killed. They all died game. All those who witnessed the scene will carry for ever the memory of the grim, determined faces lighted with devilism and savagery.

The Lhasa General himself undoubtedly provoked the fight, for in his interview with Colonel Younghusband, his attitude was that of a man determined to either die or turn the mission back. The Tibetan soldiers outnumbered the wing of Sikhs by six or seven to one.

The impassive stolidity of the Sikhs, of the 23rd and 32nd Pioneers, deserves a word of admiration. Had they given before the rush of swordsmen, or had Brigadier-General MacDonald and the small knot of officers shown less personal courage, a disaster one does not care to dwell upon might have taken place.

Colonel Younghusband and his staff were amongst the onlookers near the Tibetan soldiers, and were wholly unharmed.

#### Our Casualties.

Telegraphing later, Reuter says the total of British casualties in hospital as a result of Thursday's encounter is twelve, but, besides these, two or three officers and a number of men received bruises from the flat edge of the Tibetan swords. Mr. Candler and Major Dunlop, some of which are severe, although none is dangerous.

The Tibetan wounded are evidently most grateful for the attentions paid them. Some of them are to be seen cheerfully smoking cigarettes, and there are no signs of cringing in their manner, which rather suggests a proud and independent spirit.

The fighting will not alter the political aspect of the mission, which is going on to Gyantse, as arranged.

#### An Unfavourable Criticism.

Sir Henry Cotton, the well-known Anglo-Indian, yesterday stated to an interviewer that he considered the effect on the natives of India of the recent fight with the Tibetans will be very unfavourable and serve to emphasise the growing unpopularity of Lord Curzon's vice-royalty.

This bloodshed was calculated to accentuate more and more the Tibetans' aloofness and strong feeling against us. He anticipates great difficulties in store for the expedition, and supposing even that it should prove successful, Tibet is an unprofitable country, whose value to us in twenty years is not equal to the cost of the present expedition up to date.

#### What Will Russia Do?

The news of the fight has excited keen interest on the part of the Berlin Press. The "Vossische Zeitung" expresses curiosity to learn what Russia will do, as her prestige has suffered a severe blow. The semi-official "National Zeitung," while admitting that the British have secured a success, points out the unequal nature of the combat, which it regards as an outpost skirmish, and declares that with the best will in the world the fiction of a pacific mission can no longer be maintained.

#### ROUGH WEATHER AND THE AI.

A Portsmouth telegram states that there seems no hope of the submarine AI being salvaged for several days, as the weather continues too rough for the divers to work.



# DAY'S WEATHER.

weather forecast for to-day by  
winds; fair with occasional  
the day; rain by evening or  
temperature.  
time: 7.37 p.m.  
s, moderate at first over the  
North Sea; will be rough  
in the day.

## NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Queen yesterday attended Divine  
English church at Copenhagen.—

have occupied Syon-phong, about  
of Wifu, and two transports have  
soldiers at Chemulpho for Seoul.  
ports of other movements in the  
(page 2.)

have culminated with the British  
are fully described in a special

pecting the fight with the  
arrived in a special message from  
price, a most graphic account of

of Saxe-Weimar died at her  
ortland-place, W., yesterday.—

al circles the belief is entertained  
will derive great benefit from his  
His Majesty, on Saturday visited  
ng in the evening to Messina.—

new play by three authors, was  
Comedy Theatre on Saturday  
(page 1.)

ays our correspondent, is a young  
assing could powers which have  
ed experts.—(Page 5.)

e (a sketch of whose career is  
with portrait) returns to the Lon-  
y week.—(Page 4.)

in Brighton, exceptionally full of  
tride, are described.—(Page 7.)

ven at the inquest on Saturday re-  
er in which the two young men  
r in a water tank at Stetchworth,  
by their death. The jury found  
Murdering one another."—(Page

er magistrate on Saturday de-  
oness de Heureux, charged with  
Kensington hotel, be sent to the  
state of her mind to be inquired  
id she was to marry Mr. Austen  
age 6.)

little Prince Edward of Wales  
opening ceremony on one of the  
forthcoming great hospital bazaar  
—(Page 12.)

addressed to his family and  
who committed suicide by  
on Hampstead Heath, were read  
e inquest.—(Page 6.)

er Isle of Wight asylum lady  
get married the committee have  
te applications from ladies in the

ee-book just published show that  
ear 1242 persons were killed and  
and 19,557 injured.—(Page 6.)

eenstown on Saturday the Cam-  
er 25th trip across the Atlantic,  
o have carried 200,000 passengers  
York.—(Page 5.)

an girl told a painful story at  
she fell into the hands of persons  
lite slave traffic.—(Page 6.)

hopes to complete his new motor-  
great interest has been taken, by  
age 9.)

al match with fast motor-boats  
and American owners takes place  
Some particulars are given  
ants and their speed.—(Page 9.)

meeting between a secular funeral  
igious procession has resulted in  
il Bilbao, Spain.—(Page 6.)

and their jewels" is the subject of  
ated article.—(Page 11.)

at inquest the death of a woman  
e due to poison the nature of  
own. An open verdict was re-

as heard at Marylebone concerned  
osition was due to billiard play-  
ate expressed disgust on hearing  
with whom he had played had  
g payment of debts.—(Page 6.)

nal, whose efforts to secure pro-  
rest division of the League have  
a great interest, sustained an un-  
at Burnley on Saturday. The  
are now anxious concerning the

provided a capital afternoon's  
on Saturday. Mr. E. Wood-  
Dew, starting at 7 to 1 against  
aster Handicap Hurdle Race.—

## s Arrangements.

Bank Holiday.  
arse Society's Parade in the Inner  
rk.  
ke of the Independent Labour Party,  
National Union of Teachers, Ports-  
Grand Lodge, Weston-super-Mare.  
all: The Final of the Army Cup,  
Le Stade Français v. Old Boys of  
chool, on the Athletic Ground, Rich-  
Park.

## THE BOY PRINCES RIDING IN THE PARK.



Prince Eddie and his brother are passionately fond of outdoor exercise, like other English boys. Daily when the weather is fine they ride their ponies in Windsor Park, and both sit the saddle with easy confidence. Prince Eddie evinces a tendency to try a forbidden gallop at times, evidently finding additional joy in a spice of adventure. The royal brothers have been taken to Frogmore to learn riding, fishing, and cricket. ("Mirror" artist. Sketched by G.)

## PRINCE EDDIE'S RIDES.

### Our Future King Is Becoming an Accomplished Equestrian.

The Princess of Wales and Prince Edward and his brother Prince Albert attended morning service at St. George's Chapel yesterday. The Princess was attired in black and wore a fur boa. The two

little Princes were in Scotch dress, and wore grey ulsters and Scotch caps. Her Royal Highness drove to and from Frogmore, but the little Princes walked back home together.

The Castle guard saluted and the bugler sounded a blast which quite startled the little Princes, who are growing remarkably like their mother in appearance. The weather was beautifully fine, and the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children spent a delightful day at Frogmore.

Almost every morning Prince Edward and his brother go for a ride in Windsor Park on their

ponies, or mount their bicycles and take a spin in the grounds of Frogmore. Both the Princes are accomplished riders, and it is a pleasing picture to notice Prince Edward instructing and assisting his younger brother as they ride along together.

Just now dozens of old trees are being felled in and around Frogmore, and Prince Edward and Prince Albert often stop and watch the men in their operations. Across the Long Walk many veterans of the forest which were considered unsafe have been cut down, and when the little Princes are riding their ponies they have to thread their way through the fallen trees.

After riding in the park the royal children go back to their lessons, with which they are getting on remarkably well. Prince Edward has a very complete knowledge of English history, and by the aid of a map he is able to follow the events of the war in the East with ease.

The boys are very fond of their tutor, who seldom loses sight of them except when they go out on their ponies, when a royal groom accompanies them.

The Princes have a short walk in the afternoon if the weather is fine, and after more lessons they retire to bed early, and are early astir in the morning.

The Princess of Wales, who is known to be the most business-like Princess in the Royal Family, is bringing her sons up in a thoroughly English manner, and is very strict in seeing that the Princes observe the rules she has laid down for their upbringing.

Prince Edward will continue his lessons in rowing this summer on the Thames in the boat which the King provided for him last year. He already handles the specially made sculls admirably, and the boat is all in readiness at his Majesty's boat-house near Frogmore.

The Princes will stop most of the summer at Frogmore, and will probably be taught cricket when the new ground at the Castle is completed. The lads are very healthy, and Prince Edward has a most pleasant smile, his face lighting up with joy when anything humorous occurs.

## KAISER'S HEALTH.

In medical circles in Berlin, says Reuter, it is admitted that the German Emperor was slightly hoarse at Vigo, owing to a chill, but it is said that slight hoarseness is not uncommon after a throat operation. It is believed that his Majesty will return in robust health.

On Saturday the Kaiser visited Taormina, and had an enthusiastic reception, the people throwing flowers into the carriage as he passed through the streets. His Majesty visited the famous Greek theatre, and photographed the principal features of interest.

In the evening his Majesty returned to Messina and went on board his yacht.

Several actresses claim the honour of introducing the song "Sammy" to the play-going public. It is certain that Miss Blanche Ring sang the song nightly to delighted houses at the Palace and the Tivoli. The popular song is now being sung in "The Love Birds" at the Savoy.

Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from photo by Bassano.





### Returns to the English Stage with Her Japanese Pets.

To look at her, it is almost impossible to believe that ten years have come and gone since May Yohé came to London and made such an instantaneous success by her singing and acting in "Little Christopher Columbus." Since then she has left London as Lady Francis Hope, gone twice round the world, sung in New York, lived seven months in Japan, and returned to London as Mrs. Strong.

Yet when a *Mirror* representative called on her on Saturday, and found her in picturesque



THE JAP AND THE CHINAMAN.

JAP: "Have you heard about our last great victory?"

CHINAMAN: "Yes; but why did your soldiers run away?"

JAP: "Why, of course, to reach the telegraph office first."

(Copied by a "Mirror" artist from the "Strechosa.")

Japanese costume, it was for all the world as if the May Yohé of ten years ago sat before him.

"I expect," she said, "to appear on the London stage on Monday week. No. I can't tell you where, for arrangements are not absolutely settled. I shall act a monologue, the scene of which will be laid in Miyanosita, the beautiful resort near the Sacred Mountain in Japan. It will embody an episode in my own life, and I shall introduce my old songs such as "Lazily, drowsily" and "Honey, my Honey." In fact, all the songs will be old, for there are no friends like the old friends, you know."

"I hope that wonderful low note is all right, Miss Yohé?"

"It is, indeed; and, do you know, two or three days ago a distinguished composer to whom I was singing, told me I had a lower one still. Isn't it capital?"

"Look at my Japanese toy terriers," hiding up a photograph, "both prize dogs. They will come into the monologue—that is, if I can get



LA BELLE TORTAJADA

is alive and well. The universal sorrow caused by the unfounded report of her death has been exceeded by the universal joy at the news of her being alive and dancing. During Saturday 150 of her photographs were sold by one shop in Wardour-street.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.

them from Paris without subjecting them to quarantine over here. If not, I shall have to buy some more. I've already had an offer.

"By-the-way," she exclaimed, "come here, Yehoi." And a sweet, rather shy Japanese lady appeared from the next room.

"This is Miss Yehoi Komatsu, descended from one of the oldest families in Japan. I brought her over with me, and I'm not at all sure I shall let her go back. Do you want to go back, Yehoi?"

"No," said that lady emphatically, "I don't. I wish to stay with you in England."

Miss Yohé was enthusiastic about her kind treatment on her return. "Even the commissionaire and cloakroom officials at Dover knew me," she said, "and seemed glad to see me back."

We understand that Miss May Yohé will appear at the Palace.

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry will leave The Hague for Italy this evening.

For the first time this year the note of the cuckoo was heard in Highgate Woods yesterday.

King Christian of Denmark intends, if his health remains good, to visit the Court of St. James's next June.

There have been four fresh cases of plague in the Transvaal—two whites and two natives. Another native has died.—Reuter.

At an electoral meeting held at Marseilles on Saturday revolver shots were fired and five persons were injured.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, says Reuter, arrived at Mentone on Saturday for a stay at her villa at Cap Martin.

While ploughing in the County Mayo a farmer had his two horses killed by lightning, which also burnt his trousers.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, formerly Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, has been appointed by the Pope Archbishop of Salencia.

The Australian mail steamer Arcadia reports having provisioned on Friday last to a Spanish barque which signalled that the crew were starving.

To improve the workhouse broth at Yarmouth guardians directed that peafowl should be added, but the Local Government Board consider the

Prince Maximilian of Schaumburg-Lippe died at Abbazia on Saturday.

Further restrictions have been imposed upon the circulation of picture postcards in Turkey.

Lord Charles Beresford, Vice-Admiral, has declined to express an opinion on the proposed barrage scheme for the Thames.

General Lord William Seymour has been appointed Commissioner of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

Fearing the fall of the Monument, says the "City Press," a property owner in Monument-yard has insured his building at Lloyds'.

After an absence of four years in South Africa the 2nd Lincolns returned to Southampton yesterday.

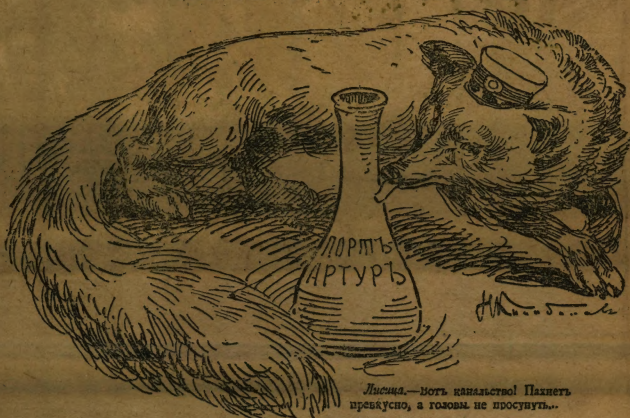
Ladies wearing trains to their dresses who visit theatres in Vienna are requested to lift their skirts in order that they may not stir up the dust.

The King has given two prizes in the sheep and stallion classes at the Royal Counties' Agricultural Show to be held at Guildford in June.

There is a shop in Bridge-street, Bristol, which has only had three tenants during the last 127 years. This probably establishes a record.

While Major Walters, commanding the escort of the Perso-Afghan Boundary Commission was sleeping in his tent, a large viper of a venomous

### THE JAP FOX IN A FIX.



Freely translated from the Russian legend attached to this cartoon, the Japanese fox is saying to the narrow-necked jar, Port Arthur:—"That's tantalising. This smells nice, but I can't get my head in."

(Copied by a "Mirror" artist)

(From a Russian cartoon.)

paupers have already sufficient nitrogenous food, and the peafowl is therefore disallowed.

In Wimbledon Cemetery on Saturday the remains of Mrs. Coke, who was nearly 101 years old, were interred. Her father and mother both died centenarians.

At the annual meeting on April 11 the Monte Carlo Casino will be able to show a slightly larger profit than last year, when it amounted to £1,120,000.

The Russian Minister of Finance, says Reuter, has invested for his department £241,666 in a Persian railway and £1,236,979 in the Discount and Loan Bank of Persia.

On Friday next a meeting will be held at the Oxford Music Hall to protest against the action of theatrical managers in instituting prosecutions to prevent music-hall proprietors producing "sketches."

Some of the members of the Ancient Society of Coegers are much concerned at the mysterious disappearance of some of the society's ancient relics, including the chair in which Charles Dickens and other celebrities have sat.

### THE "YOUTHFUL REBEL."

Lord H. Cecil Takes Up Arms for Mr. Winston Churchill.

The columns of the "Times" have been luminous during the Easter holidays with letters concerning "the recent rudeness in the House of Commons." After various letters from indignant members regarding the "youthful rebel," Mr. Winston Churchill, his own bad behaviour and the bad behaviour of those who so rudely walked out of the House en masse when he was speaking, Lord Hugh Cecil finally joined in the fray on Saturday. He had taken up his pen to reply to Sir Charles Dalrymple, whom he is pained to find "identified with a narrow and discourteous partisanship." Lord Hugh Cecil knows Mr. Winston Churchill intimately, and repudiates with indignation Sir Charles Dalrymple's suggestions that Mr. Churchill and Major Seely are "ambitious," that is, "that they are free-traders because they think to support free trade the shortest path to office."

"A false insinuation," says Lord Hugh, and goes on to declare that he does not "think," but "knows" that Mr. Churchill supports free trade because he believes it to be best for the country. Moreover, "he is well aware that the path of self-interest would have led him to rank himself behind Mr. Chamberlain—among whose supporters, indeed, his talents would have shone with a singular splendour."

Thus Lord Hugh Cecil. It remains to be seen whether the "regrettable incident" will now be allowed to drop, or whether partisans of the other side, those who "rudely walked out," will take up their pens. Meanwhile the "youthful rebel" remains as cheerful and sprightly as ever, very unconcernedly allowing the storm to pass over his head.

### TIPS FOR HOLIDAY TAKERS.

Be on the Look Out for Thieves of all Sorts.

In the trains, at the races, and football matches, and in the streets, all sorts and conditions of thieves flourish exceedingly on a Bank Holiday. Even experienced travellers suffer at their hands. Here are a few tips for the unwary.

Be careful how you stand about in a small crowd in London. Sometimes these gatherings are got together on purpose by pickpockets working in concert.

A favourite trick at the races is to cut a man's pocket clean away while he is standing on a stool or anything of the kind during a race. The moment chosen for the act is generally and obviously when an important event in the programme is being run, and the victim is engrossed and excited.

Beware of the man who comes up in a friendly way, and offers to introduce you to a "pal" who has inside information, and can get the money on long odds. You see neither him nor your cash again.

Look closely after your luggage. Half-way through a lonely journey the train will perhaps stop for some minutes. The man who has been talking to you suggests a drink. You accept with pleasure. When you get home you find with regret that someone—probably that quiet man who sat in the corner—has been through your luggage, and though your clothes are there, your razors and bits of jewellery have been abstracted.

When you pack your bag to come home, see that your return ticket is not in the pocket of that other suit you had on when you started, now shut up in your Gladstone, which, in its turn, is in the luggage-van.

### LADY'S SURPRISE VISIT.

Disappears on Her Way to Friends at Brighton.

There has been a most distressing sequel to a surprise visit which a Lewisham lady planned to pay some friends at Brighton. The lady Mrs. Levy, left London last Wednesday with this object

### THE JOLLY JAP.



1st Stage 1894



2nd Stage 1894



3rd Stage 1894

At the start of the war the Jap is supposed to have counted on the assistance of John Bull and Uncle Sam. This made him jolly. At the end, when Russia maimed the Jap, his mighty allies are supposed to leave him to his fate. So much for Russian intelligence!

(Copied by a "Mirror" artist)

in view, but neither her husband at Lewisham nor her friends at Brighton have seen her since she set out from home.

As the visit was to be a surprise one, Mrs. Joseph the lady whom Mrs. Levy proposed visiting, had, of course, heard nothing of her coming, and her astonishment was great when Mrs. Levy suddenly arrived at her house in much anxiety to gain news of his wife.

Mrs. Levy received a telegram from his wife announcing her arrival at Brighton, but that is the only clue which is forthcoming as to her movements.

He was distracted with grief on learning that Mrs. Joseph could give him no information. It appears from his statement that Mrs. Levy had been considerably depressed for some time, and had at his suggestion consented to go to Brighton for a holiday, at the same time planning to astonish her friends by making the visit a surprise one.

When she was last seen Mrs. Levy was wearing over £100 worth of jewellery besides a large diamond brooch worth over £60. She is de-



4th Stage 1894

### THE GEISHA IN DISTRESS.

This cartoon is from the "Budnik," St. Petersburg. Under the one figure the legend runs:—"The Japanese Geisha goes to war." Under the other the writing runs:—"The brave Geisha after her first victories at Port Arthur."

(Copied by a "Mirror" artist)

scribed as a handsome woman, forty-four years of age, and inclined to stoutness. At the time of her disappearance she was wearing a black and white skirt, a velvet mantle, and a large hat trimmed with velvet. She had no luggage beyond a small hand bag, which she carried.



continued from page 1.

the Lamas held a solemn ceremony at Guru, and for three days they sh mission.

Donald's force having arrived at of the solemn curse, halted there except for a skirmish on the on it was found necessary to drive a force from a village in rear vance. At the same time it was the natives were building a wall which is nine miles from Tuna. the force moved forwards towards fighting reported in the dispatches

Tibetans will take this salutary les- of opposing the British determina- remains to be seen, but the action will not affect the object of the mis- erly to arrive at an understanding treaty of 1893.

ans have been encouraged in their ussia is only too clear, especially been found that some of the rifles he Tibetan troops have come from

ub, that the Tibetans, in order to completely from the suzerainty of



EL YOUNGHUSBAND, a diplomatic representative mission to Tibet, which have, unfortunately, op- result that serious fight- g has occurred. in a photo by a "Mirror" artist.

too anxious to place themselves ion of Russia. oy allowing this e British Government would be h in the frontier defences of the or it is essential that no opposing allowed to gain a foothold on the a form our natural northern

now about eighty miles from and largest town in Tibet, and opposition takes places, should bout a fortnight. Lhasa, the 140 miles beyond, in a north-east

## GABOND IN ASIA."

Career of Mr. Candler, unded Correspondent.

Candler, special correspondent of "ail," who had no fewer than rring the fight on Thursday, is the English side who is said to be ed."

dlar has been with the Tibet ex- ent a series of luminous articles to "il" describing the remarkable which the mission has passed. Just turned thirty years of age, he ous career, has travelled in ds, and written numerous fascinat- of his experiences.

a scholarship at Repton, for ge, Cambridge, he proceeded to where he took his degree, and disappeared for a series of four ick many exciting adventures be-

eters from him appeared in "Mac- " Outlook," as well as the Indian Cochin China, then Persia, again equestly he crossed the desert and Damascus, which occupied camel-back, his only companion postman.

undertook a journey on foot m States and Siam, sleeping in depending upon his rifle for food. visited South America.

been well described as a scholar, naturalist, and a writer of unusual r. y published one book, entitled n Asia," and many interesting n his travels have been presented tish Museum.

## YPLUSH IN ARMS.

eatened to Form a Trade Union.

age even "Jeames" has taken to in Hyde Park. It is a far- fled swamy" of the select Bath m Sam Weller dined to the plat- or, and Yellowplush would prob- at the thought of anything so union of gentlemen's gentlemen. a, a resolution was passed at

# THE "HERMIT KINGDOM" OF TIBET AND HER NEIGHBOURS.



By this map some idea may be gathered of the vital position of Tibet relative to our Indian Empire. Though nominally under the suzerainty of China, Tibet is really under Russian influence. The object of our peaceful mission there is to make trade follow the flag. ["Mirror" artist.]

a Hyde Park meeting of domestic servants in favour of a conference to devise means for forming a union which, if it becomes an accomplished fact, will be a great terror to the ladies of this realm.

An ex-footman, who presided, deplored the fact that domestic servants had not organised to get their grievances redressed, despite the fact that they were two millions strong. He said the leaders of the principal trade unions were willing to help them if they would begin to assist themselves.

A speech by a plucky young housemaid named Perry was loudly applauded.

## MIND CONTROLS MATTER.

Telegraphist Whose Occult Powers Defy Explanation.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MILWAUKEE (WISCONSIN), April 3.

A young telegraphist, employed in one of the brokerage offices here, has been puzzling the scientists of Harvard, Yale, and other prominent educational institutions by his marvellous exhibitions of psychic power. With no other aid than mental efforts, he is able to cause coins to move and rise several inches from a table as he directs, and gives demonstrations of other remarkable and incredible phenomena.

In giving an exhibition to a few friends recently, Frank Von Braulik, the possessor of this wonderful power, prefaced his demonstrations by stating, "Gentlemen, I am unable to explain it; I have had the most learned professors of Yale and Harvard witness my demonstrations; and some of the most noted doctors of the country have sought in vain for a solution of my powers, and I myself am unable to offer any further explanation than that my mind has absolute control over matter."

Up Came the Dollar.

His first experiment was begun by selecting a silver dollar, a coin of about the size of an English crown, from one of the audience, and laying it on a plain oak office table. Bending over the table, assuming a tense attitude, his head scarcely two inches above the dollar, Mr. Von Braulik tightly grasped the hands of two of the spectators. After a few seconds he released his clasp, then clenched his hands tightly. His breathing now became laboured, his face appeared drawn with pain, and his frame shook convulsively. Suddenly the spectators saw the dollar begin to move. It travelled towards the edge of the table, and several times in its progress raised itself clear of the table fully a quarter of an inch. From the beginning of the movement it travelled faster and faster until it reached the edge, then dropped off the table into Mr. Von Braulik's hands.

His second demonstration was even more astonishing than the first. Taking a stone drinking-cup 4in. deep and filling it with water, Mr. Von Braulik dropped a silver quarter of a dollar—a coin the size of a shilling—into it. He went through the motions of the first experiments, and the spectators were surprised to see the coin rise slowly to the top of the mug and fall over the side on to the table.

His last feat produced even more of a sensation than his previous two. Taking a new pack of playing cards and scattering them promiscuously, face downwards, about the table over an area of about eighteen inches, he asked his audience to think of the ace of spades. Bending over the cards, as in the previous tests, the observers saw the cards begin to move. Gradually they began

to separate. From near the bottom two cards were seen to leave the others. They slid along the table until near the edge when the top card detached itself from the other, and the lower one fell over the edge into Von Braulik's hand. Turning it over, the demonstrator exhibited the ace of spades.

None of the spectators could give any explanation of the phenomenon. Mr. Von Braulik has never given a public exhibition, but works regularly at his business of telegraphy.

## LINER'S 200,000 PASSENGERS.

The Campania, the ocean hotel of the Cunard Company, arrived safely at Queenstown the end of last week after her 250th trip across the Atlantic. In the course of her voyages she has steamed 820,000 miles, and carried 200,000 passengers to and from New York.

During her last voyage the liner was in touch with seven other vessels by wireless telegraphy.



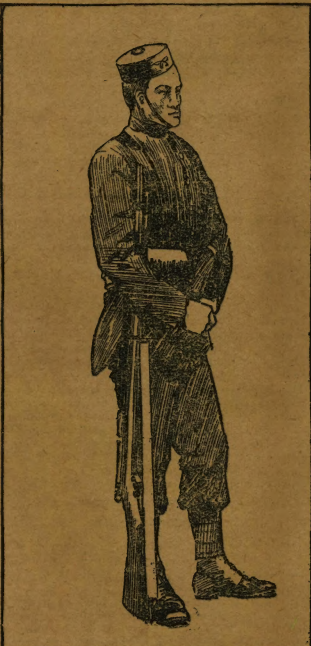
## FIGHTING IN TIBET

took place at Guru, shown on this map, which also illustrates the country through which the force under Colonel Younghusband and General Macdonald is making its way. Siliguri is the base of operations. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

She exchanged greetings with the Etruria, and when some hundreds of miles out war telegrams were received from the Brow Head station and posted up in the saloons and smoking-rooms.

## DUTCH KILL 500 REBELS.

The Dutch troops have been vigorously operating against the Achinese, in Sumatra. The natives had 541 killed, while the Dutch losses were three killed and twenty-five wounded, including three officers slightly wounded.



## THE GALLANT GHURKA

is often compared to the Highlander as a fighter. He possesses the same qualities of dash, endurance, and unconquerable courage. This little Indian soldier is one of the best fighting men in the world.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]



## WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

### Sixteen-year-old Belgian's Escape from Her Captors.

In a prosecution undertaken by the Treasury at Bow-street Police Court a young Belgian girl, named Zenobie Verhaighe, who was called as a witness on Saturday, told a very painful story of how she fell into the clutches of persons engaged in the white slave traffic, and ultimately escaped to seek refuge with the police.

Though the prisoner before the magistrate was a young woman named Eliza Vankyrke, charged with bringing the girl to this country, it was asserted by the defence that a man named Pierre, who cannot be found, was the real culprit.

The girl Zenobie Verhaighe, who is not more than sixteen and a half years of age, told her story through an interpreter. Her father was a beer-house-keeper at Uskerk, near Ostend. At the beginning of 1903 she went into the service of the Commissioner of Police at Brussels. While in that situation she paid daily visits to the Royal Library and University, and during her walks made the acquaintance of Vankyrke. After leaving the service of the Commissioner she stayed in lodgings for some months, and in December went to London with Vankyrke and a man known as Pierre, who passed as her husband.

#### Life in London.

The man took a flat in Sussex-mansions, Maiden-lane, W.C., and subsequently the girl was taken out at night, Vankyrke providing her with a flaxen wig which hung down her back. While she was leading this life she had to give Vankyrke all the money she received. This amounted to about £20 a week.

Afterwards becoming tired of the life she wrote to her parents, but as she never had any money she had to ask Pierre to post the letters for her, and she never received any replies to them.

One day when she went out she said she was not going to return. That evening Vankyrke saw her in Piccadilly and said, "Pierre is going to give it to you." Zenobie visited the Alhambra with a servant girl, who found the money, and stayed with her until the morning, and on the following evening again when to the Alhambra. When she got out Vankyrke was waiting for her, and persuaded her to go home to the flat by saying that a letter from her parents was waiting for her.

#### Escape from the Flat.

That statement proved to be false. As soon as she got into the flat Pierre locked the front door. On the following day Vankyrke took away her boots and all her clothing with the exception of a dressing gown and a pair of corsets. Watching her opportunity she escaped from the flat at seven o'clock at night wearing only the light articles of clothing referred to. Pierre ran downstairs after her, but she reached the street before him, and sought the protection of two policemen, who took her to Bow-street Police Station and provided her with warm clothing.

In cross-examination the girl admitted that she had not led a pure life before leaving Brussels. The magistrate ordered Vankyrke to be remanded.

## ANARCHISTS ATTACK PRIESTS.

As a result of an accidental meeting between a secular funeral cortège and a religious procession a serious disturbance occurred near Bilbao, Spain. Anarchists and Republicans attacked the priests with stones, and numerous revolver shots were fired at a school in which three of the rioters had been temporarily imprisoned by the police.

An unsuccessful attempt was also made to burn the church, and the Catholic cemetery was laid waste. Ten persons were injured in the disturbances.

## YACHTSMEN IN DISTRESS.

Early yesterday morning, with the wind blowing half a gale, and amid squalls and hail, the life-boat at Hoylake (Cheshire) effected a gallant rescue of four gentlemen from the yacht Shrimp, which had lost her punt and was in distress in the Rock Channel. Flare-lights were shown by the yachtsmen as a signal that aid was required. The yacht was afterwards brought to New Brighton.

## SEQUEL TO A DOUBLE ARREST.

Two young men arrested by the police on suspicion in connection with an offence committed in Maidstone were found to be in possession of articles belonging to a Dover resident.

Inquiries in the latter town identified the prisoners with a burglary at a house while the family were away. Accused will be charged at the local court to-day.

## THREAT TO BECOME AGNOSTICS.

The following curious announcement (writes our Geneva correspondent) recently appeared in a Swiss paper: "Thirty-three citizens of Clair (a village in the Canton of Tessin) herewith declare that they will become free-thinkers if the ecclesiastical authorities do not immediately withdraw the present curé. This resolution was passed at a village assembly."

## ERRAND BOY'S EARLY EFFORTS.

Sentence of two months' hard labour was passed upon a boy named Arthur Ernest Hill at Bow-street on Saturday for stealing postal orders. Hill was said to have occasioned great trouble. Since he was fourteen he is said to have—

- (1) Stayed away from home,
- (2) Embezzled money,
- (3) Burgled his father's house, and
- (4) Attempted suicide.

Whilst cycling in Upper Richmond-road, Putney, Mrs. Georgina M. Crossley-Bridgett, a local resident, was thrown through the machine killing. She was so injured by a passing cart that death occurred within a few minutes.

## BARONESS'S DELUSIONS.

### Said She Was To Be Married to Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

Some time was devoted by the Westminster magistrate on Saturday to hearing the case against the Baroness Florence Mary Fabien d'Heureux, of Trinidad, who is charged with having assaulted the daughter of the proprietor of the Harrington Hotel in her endeavours to regain a portrait of Mr. Austen Chamberlain which she had painted for the Academy.

Acting on a suggestion made by Inspector Brazier, the water-colour drawing was taken to



ZENOBIÉ VERHAIGHE, who told an extraordinary story at Bow-street Police Court, on Saturday, of how she came to London from Uskerk, near Ostend, and the moral degradation she suffered in the Metropolis.

(Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.

the Academy, but not accepted. An artist of repute who had seen the picture said it did not possess much merit. The prisoner, said the inspector, who was called to give evidence, belonged to a very respectable family, but there was some

## "MURDERING ONE ANOTHER."

### Jury's Curious Verdict in Stetchworth Tank Mystery.

After hearing the evidence given on Saturday at the inquest on the bodies of the two young men who were found roped together in a large storage tank of the waterworks at Stetchworth, near Newmarket, the jury found that the victims had been guilty of "murdering one another."

The two men who died under these remarkable circumstances were Lewis Wallis, an engine-driver, employed at the waterworks, and John Bertram Norton, a postman, four years junior to Wallis, and a fellow-lodger of the latter. At ten o'clock on Wednesday night they were met in a lane leading to the engine-house of the waterworks by a man whom they asked jokingly if he would like to spend the night with them in the tank.

After this they were never seen alive, their bodies being found in the tank tied together with rope, their arms also being tied with string. It was shown that they must have either stood at the side of the tank partly tied up, and then completed the binding of themselves together at the top, or have sat on the edge of the tank, with their feet on the ladder, in order to obtain the assistance of light from the hurricane lamp tied to the ladder.

The two men had always been good friends. Wallis had occasionally suffered from illness and had been heard to complain of his head, but it was never considered likely that he would do himself any harm. Norton had always been considered a very steady, abstemious youth. The policeman who discovered the bodies found in Wallis's pockets only a pocket-handkerchief, Prayer Book, and the key of the locked engine-house door. Nothing was found on Norton.

## WORKHOUSE ARISTOCRAT.

### Who Has Been Rescued from Poverty by a Compassionate Lady.

Another chapter in the romantic life of Richard Dickinson, son of the late Sir Richard Dickinson, and grandson of Admiral Thomas Searle, C. B., has just opened.

It will be recalled that Mr. Dickinson's marriage to Miss West, an heiress to considerable wealth, which was announced in the "Morning

## FIRST PRIZE FLORAL MOTOR CAR.



This fantastically-decorated motor-car belongs to Mr. William Schwab, the man who draws the biggest salary in the world. The car is lavishly decorated with English and French flowers and flags, emblematic of the "entente cordiale."

Drawn from a photo

(by a "Mirror" artist.

doubt as to whether she had a right to the title of baroness. She was known as Miss Fabien, and it was thought that she was suffering from delusions. She had said she was to be married to Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

Mr. Cave, who represented the prisoner's family, said there was no doubt about the delusions. The solicitor handed up a doctor's certificate to that effect; and a letter, stated to have been written by the baroness since she had been under remand, also bore out the solicitor's contention.

The prisoner asked if there was a doubt as to her mental capacity.

Mr. Horace Smith: Not in one sense, but you don't seem to be quite right in your mind about marrying dukes and other people. Then there is the question of your hotel bill and the unpaid cabman.

Mr. Cave said he thought that the bills would be paid.

At the request of the magistrate the prisoner was seen by the divisional surgeon, who stated later he thought she was a person of unsound mind.

The Prisoner: I don't accept this gentleman's decision.

The Magistrate: You are not obliged to. It will be a matter for other persons to consider now.

The Prisoner: Where am I to go?

The Magistrate: You will be quite well soon I hope. You will be sent to Kensington Infirmary.

Two stowaways from the Cape, charged at Southampton Police Court on Saturday, were each ordered to pay a fine of £10. They pleaded inability to get work in South Africa.

Post," was postponed through his illness. Subsequent misfortunes compelled him to seek shelter in Fulham Workhouse. While he was an inmate there the story of his misfortunes was published, with the result that he has just been rescued from his sad position by a lady who had read his story.

Interviewed by a "Mirror" representative, Mr. Dickinson spoke in grateful language of the extreme sympathy and kindness manifested towards him by Mr. Davey, the master of the workhouse.

It is his intention to mark his gratitude by giving a dinner to the inmates of the workhouse on the occasion of his marriage to Miss West, which will, he states, take place at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, when he is restored to good health.

## PRECOCIOUS GIRL.

Before the Dover magistrates on Saturday a little girl, named Smithson, aged thirteen, was charged with obtaining articles of clothing from a local draper by false pretences.

It was stated that she attempted to pledge the goods, but the pawnbroker, becoming suspicious, informed the police. At the draper's she had ordered the clothing to be put down to her mistress's account. The magistrates ordered a remand.

For allowing his dog to be at large without a properly inscribed collar, Colonel Sir Wodehouse Richardson, of Harold-road, Upper Norwood, was on Saturday, at the South-western Police Court, ordered to pay a fine of 8s. and 2s. costs.

## FIGHTING AGAINST SUICIDE.

### Impulse to Escape Mental Worry Proves Irresistible.

Two most pathetic letters were read at a Hampstead inquest on Saturday. They told the story of the impulse to escape by suicide the torture of mental breakdown prevailing over all other considerations, even a passionate love for wife and children.

The victim of this sad tragedy was Mr. Gilbert Hart, an independent gentleman, forty-six years of age, living at Crouch Hill, in the north of London. Since a business trouble befell him some years ago he had been suffering from melancholia, which had become more pronounced during the last few months. Acting on his doctor's advice he had gone abroad with his brother, and returned home only last Monday. He complained then of pains in his head and asked his wife what she would do if his head failed him. She replied she would not let him go to an asylum if she could help it.

With the idea that a little light work might be beneficial for him, it was arranged that he should start work on Wednesday at an office in the City, and he left home to go there, but never arrived. Late that afternoon a member of the Highgate School Volunteer Corps, while out scouting, saw Mr. Hart on Hampstead Heath. Seeing a puff of smoke and hearing the report of a pistol, he went to the spot and found Mr. Hart dead.

One of two letters discovered on him, and read at the inquest, was addressed to his wife, and ran as follows:—

#### The Inevitableness of It.

My Darling Rosa,—I never loved you so much as I do now. It is horrible, but it is inevitable. I know I ought to continue to bear the mental torture I have borne for four months, but I cannot. My mind has gone, and it would only be later on, as I have had the suicidal impulse ever since I became a man. What I am doing is so monstrously base that I cannot find words for it. I believe that I may perhaps find forgiveness, as I have suffered so much. You must find consolation in the children. It is better now than perhaps later on when they grow older. I am creating it so awful that I cannot think of it. It may seem impossible, but I never loved you and the children as I do now. But there is a horrible pall over my whole being. Please think of me as little as possible, and try to get Elsie to do the same. . . . Good-bye!

The other letter read by the coroner was addressed to Mr. Hart's brother. In the course of it he said:—

I do not ask you to forgive me what I am doing, after everything you have done for me, it is too base for words. My only excuse is the anguish I feel, and which you know so well. I can only ask pardon. I feel that my mind will not be right, and that I have only an asylum for the future. Lord have mercy upon me! I have pawned my watch and chain to buy a pistol.

The jury, in returning a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane, expressed their deep sympathy with the family.

## RAILWAY BLOOD TAX.

### Twelve Months' Sacrifice on British Railways.

During the past year 1,242 persons were killed in accidents on British railways, and 18,537 injured. Of these, twenty-five passengers were killed by accidents to trains, and 769 injured. By accidents from other causes, 123 passengers were killed and 1,912 passengers injured.

Nine railway servants were killed by accidents to trains and 146 injured, while from other causes 446 were killed and 3,639 injured.

Four "other persons" were injured by accidents to trains, while seventy-three persons were killed and thirty-nine injured at level crossings.

Trespassers who were killed on the railways, including 163 suicides, numbered 442, while 144 were injured.

Of persons on business at stations, but not mentioned in the foregoing, forty-one were killed and 112 injured.

Thirty-four collisions between passenger trains occurred during the year, forty-four between passenger and goods trains, and thirty-three between goods trains alone.

Six cases of fires in trains were reported, and in 131 cases the permanent way was flooded.

No fewer than 430 passengers were injured by the closing of carriage-doors, which is a tribute to the violent energy of the professional "door-slammer."

The total increase in the number of casualties on railways last year compared with 1902 was sixty-three killed and 124 injured.

## MYSTERY OF A POISONED DRINK.

Mary Ann Carter, the wife of a warehouseman living at 89, Tooley-street, Southwark, was one day last week taken suddenly ill after drinking some beer.

Near her was a bottle which had contained glycerine and belladonna liniment. When taken to Guy's Hospital the medical staff, however, though aware her condition was critical.

At the inquest on Saturday Dr. Milson, house surgeon at the hospital, stated that a post-mortem examination showed no signs of belladonna poisoning. The stomach, however, was very much corroded by some acid poisoning. Death was due to heart failure from poisoning. The jury returned an open verdict.

## RISKED HIS SALARY ON ONE GAME.

When Percival George Gillard, a Chelsea youth, eighteen years old, at Marlborough Police Court on Saturday pleaded guilty to a charge of theft, the police stated that his downfall was due to playing billiards for high stakes. In receipt of a weekly salary of 25s. he had often stolen 21 or 30s. on a single game.

Mr. Curtis Bennett commented on the folly of such a proceeding, and expressed disgust on learning that several older men with whom prisoner had played—and lost—had written demanding payment of the debt.

Gillard was ordered six weeks' imprisonment in the second division.



**HAYMARKET.** TO-NIGHT, at 9.  
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
Proceeds at 8.30, by THE WIDOW WOOD.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** MR. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
Zakari ..... Mr. TREE  
Yo Saa ..... Miss LENA ASHWELL

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.**  
Lessee and Manager, Mr. LEWIS WALLER.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.  
SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 3.  
MR. LEWIS WALLER  
in  
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.  
By Sydney Grundy.  
Priced, 4.15. A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.  
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 5133 Gerrard.

**ST. JAMES'S.** MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.  
TO-NIGHT and five following nights, at 8.30.  
LAST SIX PERFORMANCES of  
OLD HEIDELBERG.

**ST. JAMES'S.** SATURDAY TO MONDAY.  
A new Comedy by Frederick Penn and Richard Pryor  
will be produced on THURSDAY EVENING, April 14.  
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 5505 Ger. —ST. JAMES'S.

**STRAND THEATRE.** Proprietor and Man-  
ager, Mr. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-  
MOON (8 p.m. only, by 10 o'clock, 10 to 10.15).  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

**THE OXFORD.** R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY  
RANDALL, GEORGE BOHNEY, George Ashwood,  
GUS ELLIN, Lily Burnand, HARRY LAUDER, the  
Punches, Fanny, and other stars.—Open 7.30  
SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.  
Manager—Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.**  
ADMISSION SIXPENCE. Daily from April 4 to 9 in-  
clude.

## PERSONAL.

CAMERA.—Coming town and week. Grand. Don't write.  
—TRIPOD.

MAIL.—Thanks for card and information, only nine pounds  
now.—HARRIS BAI.

SUBIE.—London: hear from you. My name G. P. O.—  
LAST SEPTEMBER.

HANSA.—10.15.11.12.5.5.20.1.22.7.5.36.20.9.26.1.17.1.22.  
26.24.1.20.—BAILIE.

\* \* \* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to  
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Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for  
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TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

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## The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION  
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

### WHAT TO DO TO-DAY.

Three days of glorious weather have  
marked the Easter season, and if only it will  
stay dry to-day Englishmen will have had a  
longer spell of fineness than they often get  
during their holidays.

We have been so thoroughly water-soaked  
of late that the chance of drying our sodden,  
disheartened selves and basking in the sun  
is one that we must all thoroughly enjoy.

The absence of rain for three or four con-  
secutive days looks like a good omen. It  
leads us to hope that the summer may be fair  
after all, and that we may have a new run  
of weather luck, in spite of direful prophecies  
to the contrary.

The proper thing to do with to-day is to  
enjoy it. Drop business cares, don't worry  
about politics, but ride, drive, run, jump,  
laugh, and play with the children. To-  
morrow will be time enough to take up the  
well-worn topic of declining trade and utter  
bilious forebodings on the fate of everything  
and everyone.

The duty of worrying over the future of the  
Empire and of asking and answering such  
question as "Whither are we drifting and  
why?" can very well hold until we reach our  
offices on Tuesday.

Perhaps the holiday will have put some  
oxygen into our blood and made us more  
cheerful.

At any rate, no one should stay home and  
mope to-day. There is nothing to mope  
about.

## JOHN BULL DROPS POLITICS.



On the principle of going nothing by halves, John Bull during the Easter recess banishes all care about affairs of state. He is here seen looking very pleased with his performance at a topical "coconut-shy." Strown on the grass are the various vexed political questions, which he has dropped by several well-aimed shots.

### READERS' PARLIAMENT.

#### THE IMPORTATION OF DOGS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

Your correspondent "M. P." does not appear to realise that the affection some women (and men) have for dogs and cats is an instinct which dates from the time when the Garden of Eden was inaugurated. We cannot all witness the lion lying down with the lamb. But the love for the house-hold pet does not necessarily unsex a woman. Dogs are very particular in the bestowal of their affections. Mr. Swinburne has said that "dogs may fawn on all that come." Very few dogs do. The dog reserves to be treated upon terms of equality. That is to say, on a "quid pro quo" basis. An intelligent dog understands that he is fed and cared for; in return he will do his best for you. Many people who are childless find a compensation in the love—supposed to be a mother's right—from children—in the whole-souled devotion for a dog, a cat, a horse, or a parrot even.

Pont-street. LOVER OF ANIMALS.

Dogs are an unmitigated nuisance. They may serve their purpose in the Arctic or Antarctic regions, where they fulfil Nature's scheme of things as beasts of burden. As pets they are merely a nuisance. They carry various diseases to human beings.

In fact, pet dogs are not far removed from the pariah dog which is only too apparent to the sight in all semi-civilised cities of the world.

Victoria-street. K. H.

Rabies is such a fearful form of disease that any possible means of avoiding it (so far as human beings are concerned) is absolutely justifiable. Any veterinary surgeon will agree with me. I am a "vet" myself, and have seen, and know, Mr. Walter Long, when he was President of the Board of Agriculture, made an exception in the case of sporting dogs. I doubt his wisdom in this matter, but I am sure he was right in the main issue.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

#### MORMON AND MAN.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

So much has been said and written about the misdoings of a modern type of man in Europe that the recrudescence of Mormonism in one of the United States of America should be drawn attention to. In England, and in Europe generally, a man frequently marries a woman for her money; sometimes he deserts her, sometimes he murders her. The professing Mormon does not murder, but he reduces women to the status of slavery, which is popularly supposed to be non-existent in North America. It is almost incredible that in the twentieth century such an unpleasant subject as the man-Mormon should be possible. I am a woman, and it is repellent to me to go far into details upon this subject. But somebody has to speak.

H. S.

#### "RUBBISHY MUSIC."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

"Mus. Doc.'s" letter, published in the *Mirror*, smells to me most unpleasantly of sheer pedantry. Would "Mus. Doc."—I respect his degree, of course—advocate a movement from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony as suitable music to be played between the acts of a farcical comedy or during supper at the Savoy Restaurant? Personally, I am all for lightness and the purely irresponsible in music. I am a trained musician, and have even been guilty of an oratorio or two (my card, which I enclose, may possibly remind you of their existence), but I hold, as do many great musicians than I, that there is serious music on the one hand, and a very dainty adjunct to the art in the form of pretty tunes. ANOTHER MUS. DOC.

### "SUNDAY."

#### Miss Julia Neilson Acts Brilliantly at the Comedy Theatre.

Seldom, if ever, has a better-acted melodrama been put upon the London stage than "Sunday," a new play written by several gentlemen rolled into one under the name of "Thomas Raceward," and produced by Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson at the Comedy Theatre.

The "Sunday" of the title was, as most of the audience were aware before the curtain rose, the name of the heroine, an orphan girl brought up by a little band of rough cow-punchers in Silver Creek, a remote western township in America. There were four of them. There was Towzer and Dray, and Jackie, and old Lively. Towzer (Mr. Louis Calvert) was curled and black-bearded—the "Assyrian bull" of the household, and his fist was no light matter. Dray (Mr. Alfred Brydone) was auburn and shaggy, and lank, with a suggestion of the sheep about him. Jackie (Mr. Alfred Kendrick) was but young as yet, while old Lively (Mr. Horace Hodges) was in the most sportive period of his second childhood.

Sunday's beauty attracted a young Englishman to Silver Creek, a scoundrel of the name of Brinthroppe. Jackie caught him paying the wrong kind of attention to Sunday, and shot him dead.

After that Sunday went off to a convent-school, and then to England, bearing with her wherever she went tender memories, prompted by occasional letters, of "the boys," as she called them. Another Englishman fell in love with her during her stay in England, Colonel Brinthroppe (Mr. Fred Terry) the elder brother of that bad young man of long ago. And she loved him. For which very reason Sunday thought she must not marry him—his brother's blood being upon her head. So she ran away, and came back to the boys at Silver Creek. Even thither, however, love and Colonel Brinthroppe succeeded in finding a way. Whereby matters—and manners—were explained, and Colonel Brinthroppe was accepted enthusiastically as a joint son-in-law by Towzer, and Dray, and old Lively, and also by Jackie, though he was sad at heart, for he loved Sunday too.

#### OLD-FASHIONED CLUBS.

The closing of the Junior Army and Navy Club last week is one more instance of the reason why the old-fashioned club is these days in peril of its existence. Club life, as it was understood a quarter of a century ago, is non-existent. New and cheaper clubs are required. It is unnecessary to mention names of individual institutions which are at the present time on the verge of bankruptcy, but the members of club-land, if they look ahead, will specify see that the old order is changing and giving place unto the new.

So long as the club laws are as elastic as they are there is no reason why a club should not be run upon a sound financial basis without an exorbitant entrance-fee or annual subscription. The success of a club is purely resultant from good business-like management. It is merely foolish to hope for great profits. The newer clubs know this, and consequently prosper; the old-fashioned clubs, with a few exceptions, are suffering heavily for their conservatism.

#### DEATH OF PRINCESS EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR

Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar died at her residence, 16, Portland-place, W., yesterday morning, aged seventy-seven years. The Princess was a daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the wife of Field-Marshal his Highness Prince William Augustus Edward Saxe-Weimar, who died in 1902.

### BUSY BRIGHTON.

Ever since the days when George IV., Prince Regent, disported himself and his friends at Brightonstone, that watering-place known now as Brighton has remained a very peculiarly popular resort.

At Bank Holiday times it is quite unique. The climate (so that the wind be not from the east) is accounted as extremely healthful. All the accepted delights of holiday making are to be found ready to the hand. On Saturday, early in the morning, crowds of spirited mariners invited timorous land-lubbers to embark upon more or less frail sailing boats for the space of one hour. At the expiration of that period the landlubbers returned to the beach—in many cases wiser and infinitely sadder men. The womenfolk also had upon their faces distinct traces of tears. The sea had exacted its toll of compensation. One must pay for one's pleasures.

#### The Human Tide.

On the promenade of the King's-road there was a ceaseless come and go of motor-cars, mechanical bicycles, and fly-blown one-horsed "flies."

Wrestling, filling as it does for the moment the minds of a large section of the public who like things sporting, was worthily represented. In a victoria and pair two unusually burly Turkish gentlemen, scarlet-fezed, drove triumphantly up and down the spacious roadway. Placards attached to the carriage gave one the intimation that these Orientals were very Terrible Turks indeed; they would tuckle, in a wrestling bout, any round dozen of Englishmen.

#### Theatre and Music-Hall.

On the pier there was a dramatic company, performing a version of Ouida's perennially popular novel "Under Two Flags." Here, at least, was excitement rivaling the commencement of our new big-little war in Tibet, which the "Daily News" views with such disfavour.

At a music-hall Mr. George Robey was announced to give his scientific vocal lecture upon the vagaries of "Pre-historic Man." All the shops were doing a brisk trade; Brighton was at its best. The sun made everything cheerful, and the hotels were crowded. In the evening at the Métropole it was difficult to obtain a chair; the Old Ship—with its long memories—bustled with life throughout the day.

At Easter time Brighton is the most exactly typical of all the South of England coast resorts. And, this being the case, it is incredible that the train service is as bad as it is. You can go down by road on a motor-car in less than three hours. With the exception of certain special trains, the average rate of speed is totally inadequate to reasonable requirements.

#### Family Train Service.

To one whose business compels an economy of time, it is irritating to spend three hours in a train on a comparatively short journey, when the distance could easily be covered in one hour and a half. The only available train from Brighton to London, yesterday morning left at half-past eight, and strolled into Victoria Station at twenty minutes past eleven. This is really ridiculous. People nowadays demand quick traction, and Brighton—"Doctor Brighton," as the town has been named—should be made more easily accessible by the railway authorities.



# THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILL"

CHARLES MATTHEWS' JUMPING FEATS WITH HIS FEET FETTERED.



Here we have Matthews springing over a hansom cab with several inches to spare.



And here are nine ordinary chairs, all in a long row, which Matthews clears in the cleanest manner.

## CHARLES MATTHEWS.

### A Jumper Who Is Anxious to Meet All Corners.

The famous jumper now known as "The Human Kangaroo" reappeared in England at Collins's, after an absence of three and a half years on the Continent, where he has fulfilled continuous long engagements in Berlin, Paris, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, Vienna, Rome, etc. During his engagement next week at Collins's Matthews offers £5 to anyone who performs the first two feats in his act, no



**JUMPING OVER TWO HORSES**  
is another of Matthews' hobbies, both his feet being tied, without causing the horses to shy by a touch.

one whatever being barred. Matthews is now twenty-eight years of age, being born at Salford, Manchester, on August 20, 1876. When very young he proved to be a wonderful all-round athlete, winning many trophies, but commenced "jumping seriously" (to use his own expression) at the age of eighteen, competing against numerous well-known men.

Two years later, in 1896, he went on the Continent, jumping in every capital until 1900, when



To the immense delight of the playground, Matthews jumped over the heads of five big boys of Brixton Grammar School.

he returned to London and challenged the world at all-round jumping, being accepted by Tom Colquhoun for £100 and the Championship of England. In this match he broke the world's record by jumping thirty-seven feet at two springs, a truly wonderful performance, which stands unbeaten to this day. An engagement at the London Pavilion followed, from where he booked the three and a half years' tour just concluded at the Circus Carre, Amsterdam.

### ASYLUM LADY DOCTOR FALLS IN LOVE.

"Lady doctors need not apply" is the rule now adopted by the committee of the Isle of Wight County Asylum. Some time ago, with a view of

being quite up to date, they engaged a feminine Æsculapius, but the responsibilities of her position did not steel her heart to the attacks of the young god Cupid. She resigned her post to get married. The committee despair of ever keeping a lady doctor heart-whole, and so they are banned for the future.

### LILLIPUTIAN RAILWAY.

Japan boasts the smallest railway in the world. It runs from Odawara to Atami, a popular watering-place. Tiny cars run on a permanent way about

where recently artificial nests were placed in the trees on the roads throughout the district with the object of protecting insect-eating birds. The nests in which the blackbirds and thrushes



**CHARLES MATTHEWS**  
and his trainer are brothers. But the trainer relaxes nothing in the rigour of his regulations on that account. He accepts all responsibility as his brother's keeper.

have already settled are closely imitated from the original. The branches of the trees are studded with nails to prevent marauders climbing them.

### MATTHEWS' CHAMPION TUB JUMP.



In this feat Matthews has no equal. The tubs are seven feet apart, and he is crouching in one tub to spring clean into the other. Both his feet are tied.  
*(Photos for the "Mirror.")*

a foot and a half wide and some 14 miles long. A man of medium size can easily look over the top of one of the coaches, and the little Jap passengers have to sit all of a heap inside. The cars are propelled by coolies.

### OFFICIAL NESTS FOR SWISS BIRDS.

Blackbirds and thrushes have been quick to show their appreciation of a new departure by the municipality of Orbe, in the Swiss canton of Vaud,

### FISHERMEN'S ALARMING HAUL.

Some fishermen on the river Drave, in Austria, were astonished a few days ago when they found they had caught a gigantic python in their nets. They killed it after they had recovered from their first fright.

It is supposed to have escaped from a menagerie, and had probably made its winter sleep under some moss or earth, being afterwards carried away into the rising stream. It was excessively thin, and in a very exhausted condition.

### HALFWAY BETWEEN THE TUBS.



It is plain that Matthews is here going straight for the distant tub. The camera has caught him finely in mid-air.



# STRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

## ENGLAND v. AMERICA.

### International Match Between Fast Motor-Boats.

Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff, whose name is well known in connection with the contests for the America Cup, has designed a motor-boat of exceptional speed. The boat, which has been built for Mr. Frank Croker, of New York, is forty-three feet in length, has a draught of six inches, and is only four feet beam on the waterline. Her twin screw propellers are driven by two powerful Rochet-Schneider petrol motors, and she is said to be capable of a speed of thirty knots an hour. Mr. Croker having issued a challenge to anyone in the world to race against his craft with one of similar size, a match has been arranged by Mr. Selwyn F. Edge, the famous English automobilist, who has nominated his motor-boat Napier Minor as his champion. Napier Minor is thirty-five feet in length, five feet in beam, and draws only three



#### THE YOUNG BALLERINO

is instructed in the art of balancing on her toes, which in French is appropriately termed "aplomb." [From photo by Hana.]

inches of water. She was designed by Mr. Arthur F. Evans, and built by the well-known firm of Saunders at Goring-on-Thames. The accompanying illustration shows Napier Minor running her trial over a measured mile, which she covered in 2min. 8sec.

#### COUNT'S NEW MOTOR BALLOON.

Count Zeppelin hopes by next autumn to have ready his new motor balloon, and forty workmen are now engaged in constructing an enormous floating raft and shed for its reception on the shore of Lake Constance, near Friedrichshaven. This is where the Count made some notable experiments in aerial navigation three years ago.

Keen interest is being taken in the forthcoming trials by the King of Wurtemberg, and the German War Office is placing materials and expert aeronauts at the Count's disposal. The new balloon will be somewhat smaller than the last one, which had a total capacity of 14,000 cubic yards, and carried nearly three tons of water and sand ballast.

#### CONTINENTAL "OLD FATHER WILLIAM."

A landowner in Cattaro, in Dalmatia, who had been forty years a sailor, has just died at the ripe age of 110.

Up to the last he had been in the best of health, and had drunk coffee and smoked hard. He was of such a cheerful temperament that he sang songs on his sick bed.

## MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, A CHARMING SOCIETY ACTRESS.



Beginning her career as a chorus girl at the Gaiety, Miss Miriam Clements has since won the golden opinions of playgoers by her acting in comedy. Endowed with rare beauty and natural charm, Miss Clements is one of the most popular of the younger actresses of the day. Her gorgeous dresses enhance her charms to the feminine sex. [Fellowes Willson, Kensington. Photo by]

### MR. EDGE'S MOTOR-BOAT CHALLENGER.



This is the "Napier Minor" 75-horse power petrol motor with which Mr. Selwyn F. Edge, the well-known English automobilist, has accepted the challenge issued by Mr. Frank Croker for a motor-boat race with his fast motor-boat built by the famous American designer, Herreshoff. [The Mirror photo, From a]

### EARLY-RISEN RIDERS IN THE PARK.



Soon after daybreak every fine morning numbers of horsemen and horsewomen, young and old, take constitutional gallops in Hyde Park. The delights of the exercise make early rising easy and ensure a good appetite for breakfast. [Photo for the "Mirror,"]



# AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned  
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**OSWALD DRUMMOND:** A very rich comissair of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.  
**MILES FAMILLOE:** A scoundrel who went through a quick marriage with Pauline. He was arrested on suspicion of murdering Drummond, escaped and was shot dead by Pauline's husband.  
**CYNTHIA GRAHAM:** Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.  
**PAULINE WOODRUFF:** The beautiful wife of John Woodruff. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farnibole.  
**SIR GEORGE GRAHAM:** Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruff.  
**JOHN WOODRUFF:** Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.  
**ARTHUR STANTON:** A young man in love with Cynthia Graham. Has disappeared.  
**FABIAN GRISWOLD:** The millionaire lover of Cynthia.  
**INSPECTOR WAINOT:** Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

## CHAPTER XLII. (continued.)

Pauline sprang up, withdrawing her hand sharply from Cynthia's clasp, for the girl's soft touch seemed to scorch her flesh.

"Another death," she repeated, harshly, as she lunged round her a soft white wrapper. "What do you mean, Cynthia? Why are you so agitated—what alarm me so horribly?" She looked at her sister with terrified eyes, and repeated her question, for he seemed too overwrought for further speech. "Whose death, and what has it got to do with that abominable emerald? If it is lost I am glad—glad; it carries a curse with it."

Pauline's voice, strident and peremptory, acted on Cynthia as a species of tonic. She got up from her kneeling position and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Pauline, dear, I don't know what to tell you, it's all so mysterious and horrible. The emerald is lost, stolen, but that isn't a particle of matter. The appalling thing is that the poor messenger was murdered. When the train came into Paris he was found dead—stabbed. They discovered papers on him addressed to me, and Mr. Griswold, who happened to be travelling by the same train, trotted out early from Paris this morning with one of the police officers to see my father."

Pauline stared at her, like a woman turned to stone. To Cynthia her apathy was astounding, she gave a little cry of protest. "Pauline, don't understand? It's the emerald has killed the man. That's what I feel. It's brought nothing but misfortune and death and misery with it. And Mr. Griswold said he was young—quite young—perhaps he had felt himself so lucky to come over to Paris—I should have done—thought it was a pleasant holiday—oh, it's too dreadful!" Her voice cracked, she put up her hands to her face and burst into a flood of tears. Still silent, Pauline watched them trickle thought the slim fingers.

Her brain was reeling. She felt like a woman who has been led up to a sealed door which, suddenly unlatched, opens and displays the cruellest agonies of a torture chamber. She writhed with a vicarious suffering for the man who was dead; not because she felt herself in effect a murderer, but because of that mental picture conjured up by Cynthia's words "young, quite young, perhaps he thought it was a pleasant holiday, this journey to Paris."

With an effort Pauline dragged herself together, recalled her thoughts which seemed to have been regarding herself as from an immense distance. The shamelessness of one who feels utterly and entirely damned possessed her. She knew herself outside the pale, but knew also that unless her sin were to be absolutely fruitless she must choke down this hysterical emotion which was surging up within her, and play her part. She thrust her hands into the wide sleeves of the burnous she wore, clenching her strong fingers till the nails bit into the soft flesh of her white arms; the pain relieved the tension of her nerves; she uttered a sharp sound, half a cry, half an exclamation.

"Cynthia, my dear child," she said, "don't cry like that. Try and calm yourself and tell me a little more. I don't understand the matter in the least. No, no, don't cry; it's so bad for you. Tell me, why do you send for the emerald?"

She sat down beside the girl on the bed, and put her arms round her.

Cynthia raised her face, and looked at her with hazed eyes. "I didn't send for the emerald," she said, brokenly. "That's the mystery about it all. Father has gone into Paris with the detective. They are going to telephone to London, and will hear more particulars, but someone, some thief, had forged my name, it appears, and sent a letter to the bank asking them to send the emerald here. Of course, the details are of the vaguest. Mr. Griswold will be able to tell you more about it."

Pauline started violently. "Don't speak of the man," she said. "He is utterly hateful to me, utterly hateful! Are you sure this is not some fabrication of his, Cynthia, some trumped-up story, to excite your interest?"

"Perfectly sure," Cynthia said, with some irritation, her nerves were utterly on edge and Pauline's strange change of front worried and amazed her. "Why on earth should Mr. Griswold invent such a ghastly story? He certainly could not invent a detective—I think you ought to see him,

Pauline, he is downstairs—in fact, he wishes to see you. I had forgotten that."

Her words acted as a bit on Pauline's emotions, reminding her that the man was her master, that she had sold herself to him. She stood up and touched the bell. "Perhaps I should see him," she said, in a strained voice. "I suppose it was kind of him to come and bring the news."

The eyes of the sisters met, and Cynthia for the first time in her life saw naked fear looking out from a woman's eyes. She shuddered. "Pauline," she said, "you are perfectly right, I hate the man, too. I hate him for no reason whatever except that I cannot trust him. Even in this matter," she turned away with a little gesture of despair, "how can one explain one's self, but it seems to me that he has always in some inscrutable manner been mixed up with the horrors connected with the emerald. Don't trust him, Pauline—hear what he has to say, but say nothing."

She came close up to her sister, and laid her hand on her arm. "Pauline, let bygones be bygones, you love me still, don't you?—despite whatever may have happened, whatever fear may have led you to do—we are sisters, and, for God's sake, let us cling together—I have no one else."

Pauline bent her head with sudden passion as though about to kiss the girl upon her lips, then with a strange choking cry she drew away.

"You are unstrung, my dear Cynthia," she said, "hardly," and in danger of becoming melodramatic. Certainly my affection for you has in no way altered, but this is not the first time that you have made singular and veiled allusions to some misdeed on my part of which I am utterly unconscious. Some day we will thrash the matter out, but not now, I want to dress." She made as though to say something further, but at that moment Manette entered the room in response to the bell. Pauline dismissed Cynthia with a little wave of her hand. "Go and bathe your eyes, child," she said, kindly, "and ask Mr. Griswold to wait. I will not be very many minutes."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### Dust and Ashes.

When Pauline entered the little salon of the villa, Fabian Griswold was standing with his back to her looking out of the window which gave on to the terrace, and Pauline, hesitating for a moment in the doorway, caught beyond him a glimpse of Cynthia's black draperies in the garden. He turned as he heard her enter, and closing the window waited for her to cross the room.

They faced each other without any preliminary greeting, and the man looked at the woman with a strange cynical expression in his deep set eyes which took in every detail of her pale, drawn face, the deep shadows beneath her eyes, the slight trembling of the beautifully moulded lips.

The look forced her to speech first, against her will.

"Oh," she said, beneath her breath, "I thought you base, unscrupulous, a villain—but not a murderer!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and the suspicion of a smile curved his lips. "My dear lady," he said, gently, "why this remarkably melodramatic outburst?"

"She made a gesture of impatience. "Surely this is no time for fencing," she said, passionately. "God knows that when I agreed to do the thing you asked me I felt base enough, but He knows that I never suspected this—never dreamed or feared it—of that, at least, I am innocent."

He laid his hand firmly on her shoulder. "You women have not the least idea of playing the game," he said. "Now, had you been a man, Mrs. Woodruff, you'd have been a damned sight more clever than I am, and more successful, too. You've got remarkably good natural talents, a fairly good brain, and excellent nerve. But as a woman free love, you're a failure. You're so deuced fond of crying out before you're hurt. How, in fortune's name, do you imagine I'd be here if either you or I had anything to do with the unfortunate episode on the Calais to Paris train?"

Pauline started. "Do you mean?" she began, eagerly, then stopped, hoping that he would finish the sentence by an answer to her unspoken question.

He paused, eyeing her maliciously. "Do I mean, what?"

"That you failed to get the emerald?"

He smiled broadly. "Is it likely? I never fail." She fell back from him, the light of hope which had flashed up in her eyes died down. Then we are both bloodguilty," she said, despairingly.

He shook his head again. "Not at all. My dear Mrs. Woodruff, as I understand the matter, it was the man's own fault entirely. He could have got out of Scot free. He chose to struggle. 'On my word, I was angry when I heard of it. I had no intention of such high-handed measures. But there you are! The fault's his own, and the man I used. He'll get his reward for his confounded clumsiness, I assure you."

Pauline sank into a chair, and rested her head on her hand. "Of this at least I'm not guilty," she said, foolishly, and began to cry softly. The man saw that her nerve was breaking down. He crossed over and sat down on the arm of the chair, touching her arm lightly with his hand. "My dear lady," he said, firmly, "you've made a frightful

mess of things generally in your life, there's no denying, and lately you've been making a gigantic effort to straighten things again—do you think I don't realise that a woman doesn't easily consent to do the thing you undertook to do unless she feels that heaven and earth, so to speak, are at stake? You made the effort, made it very well, for the sake of your husband, for the sake of your child—what the world calls sins when committed in such names are written off very easily by the Recording Angel, you may be sure of that. Well, are you going to give way now—spoil the whole thing, when perhaps you are on the very eve of making that discovery which will restore you to your old place in your husband's esteem?"

He spoke to her as he might have spoken to a restive child, smoothing sometime her shoulder, sometime her hair, but she sobbed on. He was really on the horns of a dilemma. If John Woodruff should happen to come in, what explanation would it be possible to give of the singular scene?—Pauline bathed in tears which she vainly endeavoured to staunch with the damp morsel of cambric and lace she held tightly in her hand.

He shook her shoulder very gently. "Come, buck up, buck up," he said. "You've got to get your reward now, you know. You've never asked me a single word about Bernard Westall. He's in Paris, my dear lady, within a stone's throw, so to speak. 'You may wonder, if you'd any notion of playing the game you stop weeping, make yourself pretty, and go off after him once.'"

"I know he's in Paris," murmured Pauline, half magnetised by the flow of the man's words and the exhaustion of her tears. "I know he's in Paris."

Griswold clicked his tongue against his teeth in annoyance. "Of course, we both knew he was in Paris," he said, sharply, "but we didn't know where. He's staying at the Hotel du Midi. I'd advise you to see him as soon as possible, I really would."

He left his station by the chair, and got up, taking a few hasty strides up and down in a limited area of the floor. Pauline stared at him with lack-lustre eyes. She was thinking of what he had said, that the sins committed for the sake of a child, and the father of that child, are viewed very mercifully by the Great Recorder of men's lives.

"Of course, the man is dead," she murmured almost beneath her breath. "Nothing in the world can bring him back to life again, nothing. And one must think of the living." Her sentence ended in a crescendo of wistful inquiry.

"By Jove, yes," cried Griswold. "It's the living that matter and the dead that are well off. Here, if you'll take my advice, you'll go upstairs to your room as quickly as possible and remove the traces of your tears, for you look such a wreck at present that if Cynthia or your husband saw you they'd be bound to suspect something, bound."

After a few moments' conversation with him, Pauline took his advice and went upstairs, speeding through the house like a guilty thief, terrified to encounter the face of any human being.

Manette was in her bedroom, but the little Frenchwoman did not seem wise to make any comment. She realised that Pauline was upset, justly so, for already rumours of the tragedy had spread through the household. Griswold's chauffeur had been entertained in the servants' premises, and had repaid his entertainment by gruesome details. Silently, in the most matter of fact way in the world, the maid unlocked the wardrobe, produced a squat bottle of liqueur, poured out a tiny glass of thick green liquid, and handed it to Pauline, who drank it off almost greedily. She was not a woman who cared for stimulant of any kind, yet now she felt that but for the spirit which coursed through her veins she would have broken down utterly.

Strong in this spurious courage which the spirit afforded her, she submitted herself to the skillful hands of Manette, and when, some three-quarters of an hour later, she went downstairs again to face Cynthia, Fabian Griswold, and John Woodruff, there was no trace in her beautiful face of the storm through which she had passed that morning, nothing but the natural melancholy restraint which John Woodruff's presence always called up in her manner now since the night of Miles Farnibole's death.

Perhaps the diplomacy necessary to manoeuvre a visit to Paris that afternoon was the most difficult piece of finesse which Pauline had ever encountered, but desperation renders many things seemingly difficult comparatively easy. Before the sun had turned very far to the west she found herself mounting the long flight of granite steps which lead to the vestibule of the Hotel du Midi.

Heart beat quickly. She was unconscious of its rapid hammer in her throat, and her voice gave a strange little catch which seemed painfully apparent to herself as she asked for Dr. Westall.

Yes, Monsieur was in, the porter informed her. Would she give her name? Pauline handed him her card, and sat down under the palms to wait. The man came back after a few moments. Would madame state her business, monsieur was on holiday, and saw no one professionally.

Madame regretted she was unable to state her business as it was private, but it was not professional, and she would keep monsieur only a very short time.

At last the man conducted her along a corridor by a lift to a suite of apartments on the first floor.

The sitting-room into which she was shown was large and pleasant, extremely French, with windows looking open on to a charming and flower-laden balcony, but the traces of occupancy with which it abounded were intensely feminine and thoroughly English. There were several morocco-framed photographs standing about of eminently respectable and dull-looking people. One especially averted Pauline's attention—it was a painted representation of a remarkably self-satisfied and hard-featured divine in full canonicals, with hood well displayed. There was something so distinctly unpleasant in the man's features that Pauline turned away

with a little shudder which was half unconscious, but, as she did so, her eyes encountered a full-sized coloured photograph of the most beautiful woman she thought she had ever seen. Despite her anxiety she moved nearer to it, and was looking at it more closely, when the sound of her name spoken in tones of tentative inquiry behind her made her wheel round quickly.

She found herself face to face with Dr. Bernard Westall.

To be continued to-morrow.

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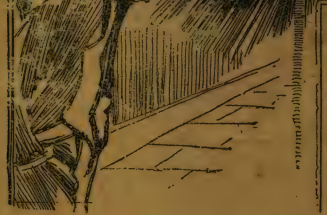
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# GREAT MEN AND THEIR JEWELRY



His inquest into the manner in which great men adorn themselves—other than sartorially—reminded our special inquiry commissioner of the definition of metaphysics as "searching in a dark room for something that isn't there." For as a rule the quantity and splendour of the gems of pretenders to greatness are inversely proportioned to the justice of their claim. Remembering, perhaps, Shakespeare's affirmation that,

Good sense in man or woman  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;

genius eschews the gauds of Bond-street, talent at most tolerates them, and even mediocrity wears them in moderation.

That is merely our commissioner's grandiloquent paraphrase of the words of his first interviewee—a personal decorator of Bond-street—who informed him that "Great men have no time to bother with personal jewelry." It is true that Mr. E. W. Streeter told our commissioner that "all great men are fond of fine jewels," but Mr. Streeter is now retiring after seventy years of life, and he spoke probably from memories of the more glittering and gilded past. A jeweller of the younger generation said that great men never buy jewelry for



**SIR THOMAS LIPTON,**  
like a loyal Irishman and sportsman,  
wears a miniature Shamrock III, set in  
small diamonds.  
*[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]*

themselves, except fine pearls; and that what they possess is either inherited and kept as heirlooms, or received in gift, in which latter case they are hidden away with the uneffusive gratitude which the man who is not great bestows on smoking caps, fancy tobacco pouches, and embroidered slippers.

There are exceptions. Such an exception is the member of the present Cabinet who prided himself on having the most valuable diamond scarf-pin in London. One afternoon this scarf-pin had a narrow escape of being a source of pride to a thief in Piccadilly, and the Cabinet Minister next morning ordered a paste facsimile, which he now wears, the original gem sparkling only by proxy, as a ministerial peer whose Parliamentary under-secretary shines in the lower House.

Plain gold sleeve-links is the maximum of adornment to which the really great seldom transcend. Mr. Chamberlain has a pair modelled on lucky beans. He is very fond of them, and often has copies specially made for bestowal in gift.

Mr. Asquith, said Mr. Streeter, wears only plain sleeve-links of gold, and Mr. Brodick no jewelry at all. But Sir William Crookes, said the same authority, is one of the finest judges of precious stones in London.

The Duke of Devonshire never enters a jeweller's shop. But as he already possesses "a pair of magnificent sleeve-links, set with two large rubies surrounded by brilliants," repulsion may account for his restraint. The "ordinary gold watch-chain" adorning Mr. Lloyd-George's waistcoat may be explained on other grounds.

Mr. Redmond's person, as his eloquence, is unadorned, but not without a point, as he wears a scarf-pin. An admirer (sex unstated) lately bought him a shamrock pin in gold and enamel. Lord Selborne's cuffs once glistened with mother-of-pearl cuff-links set with turquoises, but nowadays he seldom soars above the commonplace but gentlemanly "plain gold links." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, during his visit to England, was observed to wear an ordinary wedding ring and a horse-shoe scarf-pin of black dog onk.

Foreigners are not so modest. Even France's peasant President sports a set of gold and enamel studs with diamond centres. On Captain Dreyfus's watch-chain hangs, as a lucky charm, a French army

button—the West End jeweller who set it in gold could say nothing of its history. The Marquess de Severall wears a drop pearl pin; but long residence in England has cured his Lusitanian tastes for sparkle, and "he does not go in much for jewelry." Count Benckendorf wears a pair of gold links set with magnificent cat's-eyes, held to be lucky in Russia. Their influence does not seem to have extended to Port Arthur. Baron Hayashi woos fortune with a gold medallion, when he regards as a charm. He keeps it hidden in his pocket, but, as Destiny is blind, that does not matter.

Lord Curzon, when in London, spent a good deal of time buying feminine gems, but he limits himself to a sapphire and diamond pin and a signet ring. "A model of himself on horseback" was the pin chosen for Mafeking's hero by a lady



**GENERAL BADEN-POWELL**  
wears a model of himself on horseback,  
which was the pin chosen for him by a  
lady admirer. Many stay-at-home  
"Maffickers" wear this scarf-pin out of  
compliment to "B.P."  
*[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]*

admirer. The pattern has been extensively copied, and is now worn by men whose only connection with Mafeking was the smashing of their fellow-members' hats on 'Change.

Of the lions of literature, art, and journalism, Mr. W. T. Stead's taste is unusual and characteristic. He invariably sports on the lapel of his frock-coat a tiny white-metal star, the badge of the "International Union," which he founded four years ago. At his watch-chain (plain gold) hangs a medallion commemorative of The Hague Conference. Mr. J. M. Barrie possesses two scarf-pins—"neat, not gaudy," was the verdict passed on them by our commissioner's informant. Mr. Thomas Hardy wears gold dumb-bell links. Sir Thomas Lipton's favourite pin carries a miniature of Shamrock III, set in small diamonds. It is said that in ordering it, Sir Thomas refused to have coloured stones, "as he did not want anything fast."

The Duke of Portland is fond of diamonds, but he hides his affections, wearing only a plain scarf-pin. On the Duke of Westminster's watch-chain hangs a gold master-key. The Earl of Durham outgloves all the dukes in England, for



**MR. W. T. STEAD**  
sports, as a sort of buttonhole, a small  
white-metal star, the badge of the  
"International Union," which he founded  
four years ago.  
*[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]*

he possesses twenty valuable scarf-pins, one set with a diamond worth £80. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild once had a weakness for spade-guineas. Nowadays he wears a plain, but very valuable, pearl scarf-pin.

Lord Cowley brings imagination into the domain of jewelry. He has a whole Badminton library of scarf-pins emblematical of sport, each pin being set with small diamonds. Some are topped with tiny foxes, others with race-horses, others with pheasants, snipe, grouse, and partridges. Diamond grouse are his usual gifts—not by the brace unfortunately—for his friends. Another peer with sporting tastes ("rather horsey" was the exact phrase) is Lord Carnarvon, who has a weakness for diamonds.

Compared with the Marquess of Anglesey, the begemmed peerage of Britain is as moonlight unto sunlight. So rich and rare are the gems he wears, and carries about, that his lordship's French valet not long ago took occasion to remove a considerable portion of them to the French Republic.

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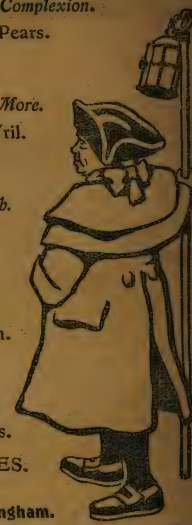
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## The LONDON MAGAZINE.



# A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

## HOLIDAY RAIMENT.

### FANCIES IN THE REALMS OF DRESS.

For the evening frocks and theatre dresses, the illustrated toilettes are appropriate to the Easter holiday, which ushers in the gay months of spring and summer.

#### Gowns Described.

The extreme left a bronze-green gauze gown, trimmed with narrow blue velvet ribbon, edged with steel. The skirt is amply gauged

ribbon between each that define the yoke and sleeves.

It is smart to cover a high-throated gown at the theatres, in imitation of the usual rule followed in Paris, so the next frock may be taken as a model for such a purpose, for, to all intents and purposes, it has a high neck, though the lace chemisette is open in front. The pleated muslin collar, with its tassels, joined by a big soft bow, is a very smart appendage of the scheme.

Embroidered muslin is a highly desirable fabric now, and is very lovely. It should not be made with excessive fullness, in order, firstly, that the embroidery be not hidden, and, secondly, that the gleam of a coloured lining may be seen through the muslin. White muslin over pink is the material of which the second full length costume is made, and to it is given a corsage a point of rose-pink satin and a berthe of opaline lace decorated with flat rosettes of satin.

#### Something New for the Neck.

One of the greatest departures of Dame Fashion is the step she has taken into the realm of ruchings. These are employed at the neck and the wrist, and are much used instead of the little turnover bands which have so long been in the first rank of fashion.

Not that the little turnover bands have gone out of vogue, but they are not quite so new, and therefore so desirable to the eye of the fashionable woman as the little ruching. This, whether made of chiffon, of lace, or of net, is sewed round the

## THE QUEST FOR BEAUTY

### HINTS UPON THE PRESERVATION OF COMELINESS.

A good lip emollient should be on every dressing-table. To make one, take two ounces of sheep's fat and melt it on the stove; add to it one ounce of almond oil and heat the two together, and if glycerine agrees with the skin add a tablespoonful of it to the mixture.

The time for applying a lotion to the lips is when going out into the brisk air. This will keep them from chapping, and will also preserve their colour. It should also be applied at night on retiring to bed, for the lips must be kept rosy, or the mouth cannot be expected to be pretty.

#### A Bad Habit.

Pressing the lips together in sleep will make them very thin and narrow, and if one is in the habit of keeping the lips compressed the experiment should be tried of going to sleep with them relaxed. It will make all the difference in the world in their appearance in the morning. It is nearly as bad to sleep with the mouth open as with the lips shut like a trap. During the day-time, too, the contour of the lips should be controlled. There are mouths that are absolutely rigid, which would be positively soft if they were allowed to lie in tender lines instead of being compressed tightly together.

Training the eyebrows is an important item in the cult of beauty. They should not be allowed

gently paint the brows, going over them with a

ceeding care. Vaseline darkens the brows and makes them thicker in some cases. It can be thinned with almond oil if desired. Do not smear on the vaseline, but paint the brows with it, using a fine camel's hair brush.

#### SIMPLE DISH.

##### CHOCOLATE ICING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of icing sugar, three ounces of good chocolate, half a gill of water, a few drops of vanilla.

Grate the chocolate, then put it on a tin in a cool oven to darken it, but take care it does not



Four simple, yet very elegant, evening toilettes are shown above, made of gauze, crystalline, and embroidered muslin. Notice the pretty coiffures with their adornment of flowers, aigrette, and wired velvet.

the hips, and the bodice and elbow sleeves trimmed with sulphur mousseline which is a yellow rose, matched by one in the hair, is in place.

The seated figure nearest this standing one is a simple little pink crystalline dress, with a high collar-band of cream point enon. Quite the prominent feature of the dress are the puffs of gauze with quilted

stock so as to make a tiny white rim, and is also sewed in at the wrists.

This little white box-pleated ruching looks quite quaint, for it has been so many years since it was worn, and it is also very becoming to the complexion, and is sure of gaining favour.

Ruchings of all kinds are in again, and the cleverest effects are produced with them. Ruchings of black chiffon are used upon shirts to make or to outline a yoke trimming, and they are used upon skirts to head the flounces.

to be too wide, and must not spread out in a rough line. Never let them grow thin and never let them lose their colour. Eyebrows that are too wide can be narrowed by being pinched together between the finger-tips. Keep on pinching and curving them until they assume a pretty arch.

If the eyebrows are inclined to be thin, treat them nightly with sheep's oil and almond oil mixed in equal proportions. Use a camel's hair brush for the purpose; dip the brush in the oil, and

burn. Rub the icing sugar through a sieve to remove all lumps.

When the chocolate is a nice dark shade put in a saucepan with the water and vanilla. Put this over a gentle heat with a wooden spoon, hot, then add the icing sugar and stir till it melted. If it seems too stiff add a little more water, but it must be sufficiently thick to well on the back of the spoon, or it will run off the cake then place the cakes on a dish.

## SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

For many years past—in fact, since the Great Bazaar—a big charity entertainment has been of the features of the London season, but I remember a year in which so many charitable were in prospect as during the next few

#### the Children's Hospital.

Just and foremost comes the grand bazaar in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, which, I hope, little Prince Edward of Wales will be to open one day; the Queen performing ceremony the first day, which is June 21. The fair is to last for three days, and a big dance finish it up.

#### the Albert Hall.

Forty stalls have been arranged to represent different nursery rhymes. At this will be found the leading ladies in society. Princess Louise, Countess of Argyll, is selling Venetian glass, and Countess is chief organiser; Lady London and Mrs. George Keppel sell sticks and

umbrellas; the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Farquhar, and Lady Lurgan have undertaken a candle-shade stall; the Duchess of Abercorn and Lady Limerick an Irish stall; Lady Essex, Lady Wolverton, and Lady Crewe will help at the flower stall; and Mrs. Ronalds is to have an American bar.

#### Other Attractions.

Children are being catered for by Lady Chelsea, Lady Arlington, and the Duchess of Beaufort, who will sell toys from a colossal stall; the animal stall, where tame birds and Norwegian and Shetland ponies will be for sale, is quite a novelty, and is being undertaken by Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Mrs. Paget.

It is announced that wild animals will also be there for purchase, but people are wondering where they will come from and who will be brave enough to buy a lion or tiger cub. I must not forget to mention, too, the shooting gallery, where Mr. Walter Winans, the famous pistol shot, will be in charge. He is arranging some novel competitions.

#### Other Peeps.

People are getting quite interested in the project for holding a battle of flowers in London—on the Embankment. I hear of several people who are

interested in the plan; but as yet it seems still a little in the air. But the dance on June 9 in aid of the King's College Hospital Removal Fund ought to be a huge success. This is to be at the Albert Hall; the Prince and Princess of Wales have promised to be there, and it is hoped the King and Queen will be able to go as well.

Then on May 5 there is to be a wonderful concert at the Queen's Hall, with Melba singing. This is for Queen Charlotte's Hospital. The Literary Fund dinner on May 9, at Prince's, is also booming, and for the "Ascot" ball at the Grafton Galleries already a couple of hundred tickets have been sold.

#### About People.

Mr. Wentworth and Lady Aline Beaumont are spending Easter in Paris.

Mrs. Sydney Jolliffe has returned to Charles-street, and is busy making preparations for moving to her new house at Lowndes-square.

Lord Hood has sold his house in Chesterfield-street to Mr. Arthur Lee, a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He and Lady Hood will not be in London much this summer on account of mourning.

Congratulations to-day to Lady Marjorie Wilson, one of the prettiest young married women of

the present day. The eldest daughter of Lord Carrington, she was married almost in the first season to Mr. Charles Wilson, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, of Warton Priory. Her wedding was an exceedingly pretty affair, and the bridesmaids, instead of wearing hats, wreaths of flowers in their hair and long tulle veils. Lady Marjorie and her husband went abroad for their honeymoon, and at Boulogne somewhat unfortunate contretemps occurred. Wilson put his wife into the train and went to look after the mail and the luggage, when the train suddenly started, and, going to Paris without stop, Lady Marjorie found herself stranded several hours, with no money, until Mr. Wilson arrived by the next train.

#### A Country Hostess.

Lord and Lady Galway are spending Easter at Serby Hall, Lord Galway's place in Yorkshire near Bawtry. Although she does not entertain very much in London, Lady Galway has many house parties in the country, and Serby is a delightful house in which to stay.

Rejoicing in the uncommon Christian name Vere, Lady Galway is fond of all country pursuits, gardening being perhaps her favourite, and cultivation of apple trees her special hobby. She writes, too, delightfully on gardening subjects,



OUR HOLIDAY SHORT STORY.

FATE'S STRANGEST MOVE.

I was only a young man then—twenty-six—just married, and with a reputation to make. At that time the whole detective staff were engaged on the mysterious Damian case, which you no doubt remember. No?

It was this: Miss Damian was a wealthy old lady who lived on the outskirts of Windsor. She was eccentric but generous, and lived alone with a man and his wife as servants, whom she treated very kindly.

One morning the female servant, almost dead with fright, crawled into the Windsor Police Station with the intelligence that thieves had broken into the house during the night, and that something dreadful had happened.

Miss Damian had heard them and cried out. Petworth, her husband, had gone to Miss Damian's



"Well, Bill and Alec are in a blue funk."

aid. She herself was so terrified that she durst not move. She heard a groan, and lay paralysed with terror till it was light, and had then crept down by the back staircase, and brought the news. What had really taken place she did not know.

Two officers went back with her. They found Petworth on the stairs, unconscious from a great wound in his head, and Miss Damian outside her bedroom door stone dead.

Petworth was taken to the infirmary at once, and the hue and cry was raised. Windsor telegraphed to us. Two of us went. We came to the conclusion that it was a London job. It appears that Miss Damian kept a large sum of money in the house, and there was valuable plate beside, and with all this the thieves had made off. We found a jemmy, but with no distinctive marks that would give us a clue. Petworth rallied a little, but was unable to give any very decided account of the affair. There were two men, but his description of them was so vague as to be quite useless for the purposes of identification. Poor fellow! Inflammation of the brain set in, and more than a twelvemonth elapsed before he was well again.

We worked hard to secure the murderers. We made every inquiry at Windsor and at the railway stations. We closely watched all the known thieves in town, and arrested on suspicion those whom we thought likely. But it was useless. For several weeks we exerted ourselves to the utmost, but it became one of those many crimes that seem fated to be a secret. Of course the papers, who were wiser than we, were very severe with us on account of our failure. We had come to the conclusion that it was one of a series of robberies that had taken place within a radius of thirty miles from London, which had all of them completely baffled us.

II.

One evening, about a month after the murder, being off duty, my wife asked me to take a message to her brother, a Strand tobacconist's assistant. My wife used to tell me I was the handsomest man in the force, and she delighted in making me look as smart as possible. As I was going out she plucked a carnation and stuck it in my buttonhole, laughingly declaring I looked "just lovely." Little did we guess that that simple flower would bring fortune to one and death to another.

I found my brother-in-law was not there, being out on business, but was expected back by the train due at Charing Cross at 7.15; so I strolled up to the station to meet him. A train had just arrived, and I sauntered up and down the platform watching the arrivals.

Everybody had cleared away from the platform when a veiled lady came hurrying by. She looked at me and, I observed, took particular notice of the flower in my coat. She made as if to pass me, but turned round.

"Good evening," Mr. Trencard, she said in an inquiring tone.

I do not know what spirit of mischief it was that prompted me, but I answered "Good evening." I should have known you by the description I've had of you, sir, as well as by your flower, but I thought you would speak first.

What did that woman mean? A detective is always suspicious; a young detective, eager to achieve fame, more than suspicious. There was something about the woman I didn't like, and I

determined to let her talk on—little dreaming what was to follow.

I noticed that the tone of voice did not correspond with her dress. She was dressed richly, if not exactly elegantly; but her speech showed that she was a person of little education.

"Although you have never seen me before, sir, you may put full confidence in me. I am Bill's wife, you know, and one of you now. You know, sir, how things turned out?"

"Yes, but let me have the particulars again," I said absently.

"Well, Bill and Alec were in a blue funk; I never thought Bill would be so nervous as he is; they want to go over the water for a bit. Bill said I must tell you as they didn't mean to do for the old lady, nor even hurt her." (I gave such a start that if the woman had been observing me she must have guessed there was something wrong), "but she screamed, and that old fool, her man, came, and it was a queer squeak. I can tell you, sir. Bill'll take his Bible oath he didn't hit hard, and he thought he had only fanned her, and Alec says the same about her man. They got away with the silver and a nice sum of it—in a whisper—close upon two thousand."

"We've been in a funk ever since. Toss have been about everywhere, but they never suspected us. But it makes me feel nervous to see them about. Bill and Alec want to get off this week, and they want you to manage it for them."

"What do they wish me to do?" I asked.

"Well, Bill's plan is this. He thinks the best way would be to escape dressed up as sailors. He says would you send or bring two suits of sailor's clothes, and give them to me here. Then Bill wants you to bring your yacht round into the Thames, and fix a night for Bill and Alec to come. They—pretend to be slightly shrewd if anyone is about, and you must be looking out for 'em, and blow 'em up for not being on board before. Bill's sure they can get through all right that way."

"And supposing I refuse?" I asked, rather foolishly.

She looked at me in surprise.

"Refuse, sir? Oh, I know, sir, you won't refuse."

I said to Bill, "Suppose Mr. Trencard says No, how then?" Bill only laughs, and says: "It'll be all right, for he hasn't forgotten the Leward business."

I had great difficulty in again repressing my curiosity. Was I about to solve the Leward mystery too?

"Oh, very well," I added hastily, as if mention of the Leward affair was enough. "I'll be here myself to-morrow night at the same time. And be sure you come yourself. It would be too risky for anyone else to come; and I'll let you know to-morrow night when I'll have the yacht round."

"Thank you, sir; I knew you would. And be sure to bring the suits in a Gladstone bag. Pecklers are down in bundles."

"Yes, very well; and now you'd better go. Have a hansom?"

"Yes, thank you, sir," and she was soon out of the station.

I was so excited and elated that I scarcely knew what I was doing as I paced up and down the platform, thinking over what I had just heard, till another incident called me to myself.

Another train had just come in that was evidently late. One of the passengers, about my size and looks, and with a flower like mine in his coat, lingered on the platform, looking keenly about. I saw it all. The train late, and my carnation, had revealed the Damian murderers to me. I took the flower out of my coat, and then called a smart-looking porter.

"Look here," I said, "do you know me?"

"No," he said.

"Well, I come from Scotland Yard, and I've a job on, and I want you to do a little for me. It's not much, and if you do it well here's a sovereign for you."

"Yes, I'll do it," he said, his eyes glistening.

"There's a gentleman up on the platform ponder with a red carnation in his coat, looking about for someone. I want you to go up to him and say: 'A young lady was here, sir, and she said would I tell a gentleman with a carnation in his buttonhole that all was right; that she had gone back, and that it would be better not to trouble you.' You can remember?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"And, if you can, find out whether he's going back, and where to."

He started off, and I stood where I could see them without being seen.

Presently the porter came back.

"He looked very pleased, sir, and then said: 'How soon is there a train for Westsea?' 'In ten minutes, sir,' I said; 'further platform.' And off he's gone."

"Thank you, you've done well. Not a word about this, now," and I gave him the sovereign. "He looked very pleased, and then went towards the Westsea train. I found my gentleman in a first-class carriage. I got into a second. I looked out at every station to be sure that 'Westsea' was not a blind. But no, he got out at Westsea, and I followed."

"Hansom!" I heard him call, and one came up. He was evidently well known, for the driver did not need any directions. I walked up to the next in the rank.

"A cab, sir?"

"No," I said; "but here's a shilling if you'll tell me if there isn't Lord Haylett who just took the hansom."

"Oh, no, sir; that is Mr. Trencard, of West-mare House."

"What is he?"

"Oh, a independent gentleman, sir. Made his pile of money in the South, and comes to live down here. He's a nice and open-handed gentleman is Mr. Trencard. He's in the Town Council and a magistrate, and it strikes me he'd be in Parliament if Westsea only had a say in the matter. His yacht, the Claret, is in the bay now."

"Thank you," I said, as I tipped him. And, well content, I went back to town.

I told my superior that I had a clue to the Damian murderers if they would give me a free hand.

"Certainly, Berkeley," said my chief; "and I hope you'll succeed. Promotion is sure if you do."

At nine o'clock that evening I met Bill's wife again. I handed her a portmanteau containing two sailor suits, and gave her explicit directions.

"Bill'll tell them to come down to Septon Wharf, and I will be there myself and some of the crew. Or," recollecting myself, "I will send my captain."

"Thank you, sir, very much. Bill will bring a thousand for you, and he says that they will be able to do a bit of work in Paris, for Bill can parlez-vous pretty well."

"Now, listen: Tell them to say 'Houp la!' when they get to the wharf and see a boat, and I will answer with the same. Now just go over what I have told you."

"Straightway she recounted my instructions, and with a cordial "Good-night," she left me.

I had a busy time the next day. I applied for, and was granted, as many men as I wanted. I sent one, on whom I placed most reliance, down to Westsea to meet Mr. Trencard, while I arranged the capture of Bill and Alec.

My heart beat wildly as, with four policemen disguised as sailors, we rowed up to the rendezvous. I instructed my men that directly the two came in the boat they were to shove off (it hardly likely that they would find out the deception in the dark), and when I said "Now" they were to get up and handcuff the pair.

We lay for some time so perfectly still that we could almost hear our hearts beat, for my men were suffering from suppressed emotion as much to I myself. Presently two figures came slowly through the gloom, and stood above us.

"Houp-la!" said one, just loud enough to be heard.

I responded with the same word, and rowed the boat close in. They came down, whilst I on the steps held in the boat. They peered at me doubtfully, but I said:

"It's all right; Mr. Trencard couldn't come himself, so he sent me. I'm his sailing-master. Jump in quick; he said we must waste no time."

Full of confidence, they obeyed, and sat down in the stern beside me. We went out about thirty yards, when I said to the one I took to be Bill:

"Just go and sit in the bow; we're too many here."

I could see the men quivering as Bill rose and began to walk carefully towards the bow. He had got in the middle of the boat when I cried out:

"Now," and turned on a dark lantern I had.

Instantly two policemen fell on each passenger, and in a moment they were handcuffed.

"Two of you row back, and you, Simmonds and Thomas, keep guard."

I will not waste words in describing the stupefaction of the twain.

"Be sure they've no weapons," I said, "before we land."

They were at once searched, and we found they each had a revolver. We took them up the steps, hauled the two cabs we had in waiting, and took them to the station.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Bill, who was in the same cab as myself, when at last he found his tongue.

"Oh, only this," I said sweetly: "The next time you send your wife to meet somebody, you



"Edward Trencard, I arrest you."

ought to make sure she will speak to the right person.

"Great Scott!" he groaned, "she's given us away," and, coward-like, he sobbed aloud.

When we got them to the station we found that they were men we had never known before.

When the charge was read over to them, Alec said: "Lord have mercy on us! it's the rope, Bill."

As I had foreseen, we got some very valuable information. There was a gang of five, with Trencard as leader. From what they said he was an extremely daring man. He lived in grand style at Westsea, as I already knew. He seldom committed a robbery himself, but his was the master mind that arranged all. He moved in good society, and that aided him in his crimes, and many of his friends and acquaintances who had been robbed little thought that their charming guest was the head and front of the theft.

Next morning two of us went down to Westsea. We were very fortunate. He was on the station platform, looking at the bookstall, when he found each arm seized, and I said:

"Edward Trencard, I arrest you."

Our extreme caution was justified, for he fought like a wild beast, and we had to call assistance before we secured him.

The case created quite a sensation, and for a short time my praises were sung loudly. We also managed, after a few weeks, to secure the remaining members of the gang. Bill and Alec escaped the rope for what I consider a worse fate, a life sentence.

But Trencard did not escape. The Leward murder (I have not time to give you the particulars) was brought home to him, and one wild March morning a flag that hung above a prison wall told the magistrate of Westsea had paid the penalty of his crimes.

THE END.

WINDY HOLIDAY WEATHER.

How the Million Enjoyed Its Week-end Respite from Toil.

Taking the forecast as his guide, the Londoner on Saturday night could have come to one conclusion only—namely, that of spending Easter Sunday by the fireside in his own home. Samples of rough, unsettled weather were promised—not of spring—and the reader shivered at the thought.

Everyone about town knows how wide of the mark the forecast was. True, it was a little cold, but one hardly noticed this in the brilliant sunshine. And this, if you please, continued most of the day. Its effect on the stay-at-home was quickly apparent. Hyde Park, practically deserted between eight and ten, when conditions were such to make one loathe to go, in the afternoon presented quite a changed appearance. There was the City clerk in his summer grey suit, and—in one or two instances—white waistcoats. A few "straws," too, were actually observable, whose owners naturally confined themselves to last year's patterns.

River Enthusiasts.

Even the dear old Thames Embankment, where one can become choked with dust at a moment's notice, had its admirers, though the number was limited. The boating parties on the river off Blackfriars Bridge were gazed upon with wonder by groups of country folk, in St. James's Park the bathhouse officials smiled cheerfully when one asked if business was good. "It's not bad, considering," said one of them, and no one could deny the truth of that assertion. Boating at Easter is not very popular, even if you get an ideal day. The number on the river—in the Richmond district—was, for all that, exceptionally large. South-Western trains for Kingston or Hampton Court were, in the afternoon, uncomfortably crowded. The smiling sun made smiling hotel keepers, and small wonder! An official at Hampton Court station recalled seeing so many people in that district on Easter Sunday. "I can say that," he added, "with the experience of twenty years behind me."

Churches and Concerts.

Services at the churches in the morning were rather sparsely attended. London seemed bent on enjoying the fresh air. But if that was so, the people returned in the evening, and services and sacred concerts were as great an attraction as ever. Loth to miss such a favourable opportunity, the amateur glee club spent hours in improving the appearance of the frontage to its villa.

Motor-cars seemed everywhere. In the park at Richmond, especially in the afternoon, the procession seemed an endless one. On the Bath road, too, there were a great many, and also on the Great North road, where cyclists found their favourite places of call the scene of bustle and excitement—not to mention dust-begrimed attendants oiling machinery.

On Hampstead Heath some thousands enjoyed the fresh air—and if only the weather keeps fine—many thousands more will be flocking to the scene of the finest Easter Sundays experienced for many years, and on that account is not likely to be soon forgotten.

VOLUNTEERS AT WORK.

Citizen Soldiers Devote Their Holiday to Manœuvres.

Speaking generally, the volunteers out for Easter manœuvres all over the country have experienced better weather than they might have expected from the alarm reports that were flying about early last week. The wind has been strong and somewhat cold, but a good deal of sunshine has bettered the conditions all round. In some quarters heavy rain fell in the early morning yesterday, but the sun soon burst out, and the weather held for the rest of the day. It may be noted here that the volunteers under arms have quarters in brick or substantial wooden buildings, and none are known to have merely canvas shelters.

Cyclist Allowances.

Metropolitan Volunteers mustered in greater numbers than at any time since the capitation grant has been discontinued for the Easter outings. All the men out this year, except the cyclists, who are getting a special grant of 41 for officers and 10s. for non-commissioned officers and men for the four days, are paying their own expenses.

The cyclist corps have fully demonstrated their value during the present manœuvres, and Major G. Smith, under whose command the cyclists held the roads at Broxhead Common on Saturday from 7 a.m. till 11 a.m. against a force of mounted infantry which was endeavoring to break through, is to be congratulated on the way he handled his men.

Horse Amok Among the Cyclists.

While the London Volunteer Cyclists Provisional Battalion were returning to Camley after their manœuvres round Aldershot they had an unpleasant experience. The corps was passing through a narrow lane when suddenly a runaway horse and cart rushed into the midst of the main body.

Fortunately, though there were four or five hundred cyclists massed in column in the narrow roadway, only one man, a private of the 1st Hampshire, was hurt. The horse dashed against the handlebar of his machine, and he was thrown under the cart. His left foot was badly crushed and his leg broken.

Siege Battery.

The 2nd Kent R.G.A. (V.), the only volunteer siege corps in England, are having a good time at Lydd.

All ranks were paraded on Saturday to man and handle the heavy guns across the miles of shingle which abound at this station and placing them in position in readiness for practice. Each company goes through a practical and scientific training under the instructor of gunnery, and after firing a short series, will be permitted to compete for the handsome prizes offered by the officers and friends of the regiment. The practice takes place with the new breech-loading howitzers with which the corps have recently been armed, and all ranks are taking the deepest interest in the work.











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**PURCHASE** our house with the money you would otherwise have to pay in rent. Send for particulars to Mr. Pogson, 215, Piccadilly, London, W.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

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The Advertisement Manager,  
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Please continue to insert our notice.

Yours faithfully,

The West London Ladies' Laundry  
Association.  
ROSA RICARDO.

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Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO.  
LTD., at 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.—Monday, April 4  
1904.